THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JUNE, 1927

Correspondence

Disloyal Teachers

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—It is quite clear that many teachers are engaged in instilling seditious ideas into the minds of children attending the elementary schools of the country. This is a treasonable practice and should be sternly dealt with. Teachers and other civil servants should be made to take an oath of allegiance to the State; local authorities should be empowered to dismiss any teacher of whom they disapprove.

Dr. Whewell, in his "Elements of Morality," says: "The State must have a right to control in some degree the education of the people, at least so far as to suppress all education which teaches them disobedience of the laws, and produces a hatred of the institutions under which they live." Again: ". . . the repression of seditious proceedings is an obligation and duty of the State at all times, being part of the obligation and duty of self-preservation. If a Government does not put down conspirators and rebels, it must soon cease to be a Government, the State as represented by the Government must perish." The Government should fulfil their elementary duty of prosecuting any and every preacher of sedition.

The only gratitude many teachers show for the salaries they receive from the State is to propagate Socialism and State bureaucracy, slander our institutions, and do all in their power to disintegrate the British Empire. They are a friend of every country but their own. England pays, through rates and taxes, at least £86,000,000 for education, whereas France only pays £18,000,000; yet even Mr. Fisher admits the French system is superior. It is interesting to note the French authorities lay less stress on compulsion than we do; if a French child can get a certificate of primary study at the age of eleven, he may be excused the rest of the attendances. There are no examinations at all in the English schools; the teachers have arranged that. In France the main work of education is done in secondary schools (lycées and collèges), where instruction is not compulsory, nor entirely gratuitous, but the fees are low, and the State offers a great many scholarships. Commercial and technical instruction is given in various institutions. There is very little or no unemployment in

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France. It should be noted of our huge national expenditure on education that only £7,000,000 is devoted to secondary education.

As the only result of this is to produce vast armies of paupers howling for Socialism, it is quite time Parliament began to consider putting an end to that cruel and vile oppression of the poor, known as compulsory education, and restored the Englishman's birthright. A million Englishmen laid down their lives in the late war for the principle of Freedom.

I am, etc.,

H. J. TOMLINS, JUN.

Plain Truths About China

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Alberbury Vicarage,
Near Shrewsbury.

SIR,—I hope you will permit me to state my satisfaction on reading the recent articles on this subject by Mr. Bland. In these days it is a pleasure to find a man with the honesty to tell unpopular truths, and a magazine with the moral courage to print them.

Possibly I may be very simple-minded, but when I see our "idealists" and pacificists urging us to abandon our fellow countryfolk to the brutalities of a gang of Bolshevist-led Chinese, the thing that disgusts me is not so much the intellectual imbecility as the moral baseness of the proposal. *Have* these people ever considered the certain fate of those whom they would have us desert? Or are they incapable of thinking? Or is "idealism" incompatible with the instincts of healthy, decent humanity?

Macaulay said of Oliver Cromwell: "His own character he left to take care of itself. . . . But he was a jealous and implacable guardian of the public honour. . . . He was prepared to risk the chances of war to avenge the blood of a private Englishamn." Judging from their conduct—I cannot profess to read their thoughts—it seems that the exact opposite is true of our modern "idealists." Apparently they are willing to throw the public honour into the dirt, and expose to hideous dangers the men and women of our own race, sooner than risk having the accusation of being "reactionary" thrown against themselves. There can hardly be two opinions as to which frame of mind is preferable in those who wish to direct the counsels of the nation.

I am, etc.,

WINIFRED ROBERTS.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

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JUNE, 1927

Circling the Scorpion

By Ernest Remnant

A COUPLE of months ago I ventured here to express the view that the Government might take drastic action against the Soviet sooner than the public expected. Before these lines appear in print they will have announced their decision to take the only logical course consequent upon the raid on Arcos, namely, the summary expulsion of all the Bolshevik diplomatic and trading agents. For, whatever may, or may not, have been discovered in the hidden safes in Moorgate, ample and irrefutable evidence has long been in possession of the Foreign Office to justify the strongest possible steps against a treacherous enemy—even war.

In less sophisticated days, indeed, a declaration of war, followed by the blockade and bombardment of Russian ports, would have provided a simpler, quicker, cheaper, and more effective means to enforce observance of treaties essential to the maintenance of international peace than the interminable exchange of futile notes. In face of the evidence accumulated all over Europe and in Asia of Bolshevik plots to destroy civilized government, the most patient believer in negotiation (unless, like our bemused Labour leaders, he is an avowed or secret sympathiser with Bolshevism) must by this time have given up hope of useful result from conciliation and parley. Any discoveries at the Peking Legation and Arcos are really superfluous, since the intentions of the Soviet have been quite openly stated by its leading spokesmen and published in its official Press. The revelations of secret documents merely emphasize the calculated and colossal duplicity which is the foundation of Soviet diplomacy. They render ridiculous the frantic demands of their silly dupes in the British Labour party that further time should be wasted in attempting to effect an "honourable" agreement by negotiation.

That is clearly impossible. Any two may make a bargain. But if one is a rogue, it will not be honoured.

The influences which have favoured recognition of the Bolshevik oligarchy are many and various. Probably the strongest has been the general view that, since only some extreme and remote contingency could conceivably drive us to war with the Bolsheviks, and as, therefore, they seemed likely to remain indefinitely in power, a *modus vivendi* of some sort must be maintained. I believe that many whose moral sense could only have been satisfied by a complete breach of relations have yielded to the force of this argument. The most common reply to the suggestion that the present regime in Russia is doomed by its inherent unsoundness to an early collapse is: "That has been so often predicted, but still they go on, apparently as strong as ever." A rotten tree may stand longer than expected. The precise duration of the process of decay to the point of collapse is incalculable. It may be anticipated by a gale or an axe. But every woodman knows it is inevitable.

The Bolsheviks seized a country full of wealth and capable not only of supporting itself, but also of producing a vast exportable surplus. The capital value of its equipment in the shape of transport, mechanical plant, agricultural implements, surplus live stock, etc., was enormous. The stolen liquid wealth has now been dissipated, and there is no one left to rob. The transport and mechanical equipment is largely worn out, and much of it beyond repair. Live stock, being liquid capital, has been reduced to below danger point. Fresh capital is unobtainable. Industrial production under communistic management with obsolete plant is utterly inadequate. Lenin narrowly escaped complete breakdown of his regime in the early days owing to a general strike of the peasant producers, who constitute 90 per cent. of the population. They decided to feed only themselves and to allow the townspeople and rulers to starve. Lenin was forced to make concessions to them which stultified all the principles of communism, and he made them only just in time.

A similar crisis has arisen again, and it is difficult to see what further concessions can be made to placate the peasants without abandoning the present system entirely. The urban dwellers want higher wages and cheaper food.

The State, as monopolist trader, needs a large exportable surplus. The peasants refuse to produce in excess of their own needs unless they are paid enough to enable them to buy goods which are not there, or only to be had at a fantastic price. The Soviet might yield to the peasants if it could anywhere beg, borrow, or steal enough capital to enable it to prolong the farce for a few years. It might survive a further internal readjustment of the system. But how to make its peace with foreign capital? The screechings of its representatives at the Economic Conference at Geneva have merely revealed the extremity of its needs. They have met only with ridicule and contempt. An economic crisis presses upon Moscow. Relief from outside is unobtainable. The peasant will not submit to another turn of the screw. The vicious circle has come round again, this time, perhaps, to deadlock.

Far, therefore, from the Soviet dictators being in the strong position with which they are widely credited, it is in reality very precarious. It is certain that the summary ejection of their emissaries from this country would deal their waning prestige in Russia a severe blow. Similar action in France and Italy, to which both countries are more than half inclined, would likely prove a knock-out blow. For it must be remembered that the ignorant masses of Russia have been fed for years with exultant accounts of the success of Bolshevik plots, propaganda, and diplomacy abroad. The millennium, otherwise the world revolution, with civilization and capitalism going up in flames and smoke before the triumphant proletariat of Muscovy and Asia, was just at hand. The Chinese adventure seems likely to fizzle out ignominiously. If the trembling capitalist governments of the West destroy the illusion of their fear by a vigorous application of the boot, the futility and bankruptcy of the whole Soviet fable of lies and bluff must become apparent to the dullest of their dupes. Sir Austen Chamberlain has expressed anxiety lest in such case, driven to desperation, the Bolsheviks should try to save their faces by aggressive action against the border States. That is most unlikely. As Count Kokovstov, a former Prime Minister of the Tsar, now a refugee in Paris, said to me lately: "The Soviet knows that the Red Army is good enough to kill peasants,

but not to make war." There has been some speculation, not altogether unmixed with anxiety, as to the possible attitude of Germany in such an event. Again I believe there is no cause for apprehension. It is hardly conceivable that any considerable section of German opinion would favour co-operation with Russia, and even so, they could soon be brought to book. There is, on the contrary, good reason to believe that Germany would be anxious to join in the destruction of the Soviet menace and the reopening of Russia to the industrial development in which she will naturally have a large share.

The might of the Soviet tyranny is a myth. It was created by strong, ruthless men, criminals, but great leaders. They hypnotized and dominated the inert, stupid, helpless mass of the Russian people. Unfortunately, they also hypnotized a great many politicians in this and other countries. But they have proved sterile. They have struck no roots in Russia. They have no comparable successors. They are dying out. The first enthusiasm, the momentum, have spent themselves. Even the terror has abated. It is doubtful if the terrorists dare repeat the wholesale massacres which inspired it, for they well know that they would precipitate the biggest pogrom in history. Only a superman could weather the storm which threatens the Soviet State. Lenin may have been such a man. At any rate, he died in time and his memory lives as a legend. Already it overshadows his successors. His mantle has fallen on no new prophet. His disciples—an insignificant and alien minority amidst the great Russian people—look back. No leader has taken his place. The Western States, led by England, can explode Soviet diplomacy; a ban on stolen petrol by the League of Nations would clinch economic bankruptcy.

Encircled by economic boycott, the Soviet scorpion would sting itself to death, and the world would be rid of the most poisonous scourge that ever assailed the very foundations of civilization and religion. For civilization does not wholly consist in the wide distribution of cheap canned food and cinemas, nor even of universal "education" by wireless. If it is to survive, it must uphold right against wrong. If it fears to strike a blow or take a risk in defence of the right, it must perish.

The Enfranchisement of the Girl of Twenty-one

By Anthony M. Ludovici

It is not change or reform that ought to alarm us, but the fact that hardly any change allowed to take place in England today appears to bear any known relation to a general scheme or an ultimate general end, clearly visualized. To know exactly what one wants and courageously to devise the means whereby it may be brought about, is surely admirable. It not only inspires friends and supporters with confidence and hope, but also imposes even upon enemies the duty of more narrowly defining their position. Nothing good, however, can possibly result from listless drifting, and those who practise opportunism so consistently as to exploit every current and move with every tide must in the end alienate all allies, discourage all adherents, and satisfy only the indifferent—until the rocks are reached!

Now what is happening in England today in regard to the relation and specialization of the sexes is an example of such drifting, which cannot fail to end disastrously, because no one is clear about the inevitable result of the reforms that are being prosecuted.

Just as our grandfathers and great-grandfathers dealt blindly with the forces which brought about the Industrial Revolution, and by so doing created many of our most difficult problems and most intolerable scourges, so we now, by refusing to frame a conscious and deliberate policy in regard to the problem of the sexes, by allowing the ship of state to cruise at the mercy of every crank who agitates the tiller, are preparing disasters for generations to come, which touch the very heart of life.

What is needed most urgently, therefore, is a general awakening to the principal issues at stake. Even if, after such an awakening, an erroneous policy continues to be adopted, even if after the end-result of present-day reforms has been clearly visualized, the modern trend is confirmed by the consensus of contemporary opinion, it would surely be better to know whither we are tending than to march unconsciously towards a goal the nature of which no one can define, and the desirability of which, therefore, no one can judge.

Thus, although I may appear to some to entertain

unjustifiably pessimistic views regarding the value of modern feminism, it seems to me that, in my endeavours to reduce the whole of the tangled problem to a plain and definite issue, I may, despite, or precisely on account of, the opposition I provoke, be promoting the end most urgently needed—a more clear-sighted policy all round, both on the part of the feminists, their opponents, and the more or less indifferent public beyond. At least a plain statement of my views may help to promote a greater definition of policy and aims on the part of those who are now irresolute; it may awaken those others who are preparing a future the evils of which they have not troubled to explore.

The question for the people and the Government of England is, What do they precisely want to achieve? What is the end they contemplate? They evidently wish to transform woman. Have they any clear idea regarding the sort of being they hope to see evolved out of the creature on whom they are now practising their newfangled experiments? The facts of evolution have shown that little is impossible in the matter of fresh adaptations, and their resulting transformations. When once the end desired is clearly presented to consciousness, there is hardly any modification, within reason, which slow development may not bring about. But are present reformers aware of any definite end to which they are tending? I can hardly believe so. At all events, I cannot believe that the public behind them are, for if they were modern, feminism would be short-lived.

It is not the impossibility of making women more like men which is the burden of my criticism of the feminists, but the obvious likelihood of this end being achieved if it be really desired, and if the means to secure it be conscientiously and perseveringly pursued. I do not question the efficacy of the feminists' methods so much as the soundness of their taste. I ask if the masculinization of the female is desirable.

Hitherto the qualities in both male and female which have favoured the efficient performance of their specialized functions have been more or less successfully preserved by a severe demarcation between their respective interests and duties. Attempts to break down this frontier, such as the feminist movement of the seventeenth century in France, and the earlier feminist movements of ancient Greece and Rome, all came to

naught, because of the dramatic and total evanescence of the societies in which the experiments were made. But this does not mean that the present attempt will necessarily fail through the same cause. It may or it may not. If it does not, then we have to ask ourselves what advantages are to be derived from the forcible destruction of differences in social function which, after all, are but the reflection of the specialized physical functions which each sex stands for. It is essential to be clear about this matter. It may, in the end, prove to be only a question of taste. But we should not forget that the taste of one age determines, to a very large extent, the conditions of existence for the ages that follow.

The House of Commons quite erroneously, as I believe, extended the franchise to a certain section of women without first pausing to ask whether the nature of the best and most normal woman would be impaired or improved by a development of those qualities which go to make a good πολίτης, or politically functioning citizen. The Government now proposes to increase this error of omission by giving the vote to younger women without first considering whether, in view of their greater malleability and pliability, the consequences of this Procrustean imposition will not necessarily be much more severe.

We cannot have it both ways. The pleasure of fireworks would not be increased by doing away with the inconveniences of groping about in the dark. That is probably why nobody dreams of having a pyrotechnical display at noon. In less obvious matters, however, the modern town man, with his vitiated sense of reality, conceives it to be perfectly possible to enjoy the advantages of two utterly conflicting states. He sees nothing odd or mistaken in the policy of urging reluctant and desirable women into politics and in wishing woman to remain as his father and grandfather knew her—equipped for the efficient and successful creation of happy and durable home conditions, and the perfect relationship which consists in maternal and filial devotion.

My own criticism of the present trend, therefore, is quite briefly as follows. A large and most important department of human life is dependent upon the hearty and voluntary concurrence of the female with Nature's scheme. The female, however, can only give her hearty approval to that scheme and play her part in it efficiently

and well, if her emotional equipment is unimpaired, and, above all, not impoverished. An enormous number of the necessary actions and reactions of home life receive their original impetus from the emotional riches of the female. She it is who chiefly weaves the precious web of attachments which make the home the focus, the core, of the nation and ultimately of the Empire. And the richer her emotional equipment is, the more efficiently is this task of construction accomplished. From the day of her betrothal to the moment when she takes her last grandchild to her arms, all the trials and difficulties of her rôle in life are alleviated and taken as a matter of course, because she approaches them, not with cold and intellectual detachment, but with deep emotional impulses of all kinds. To force upon her a permanent preoccupation or interest in which intellectual detachment—a certain *froideur*—is an essential prerequisite, is, therefore, to develop a side of her nature which will prove an obstacle rather than an aid in the discharge of all those other duties connected with her specialized functions. It means that, in order to turn her into a creature capable of philosophic calm and indifference, something belonging to her old nature must perish or decline, for intellectual detachment and emotional direction are mutually exclusive. When the first is developed, the other must suffer.

This may or may not be a desirable end. But has it ever been clearly conceived as the end to which modern tendencies are pointing? The introduction of women into politics, into the atmosphere of courts of law, Parliament, etc., may be the necessary and inevitable expression of the modern world's wishes. But the really important question is whether the modern world actually desires the inevitable consequences. Does it wish to impoverish the emotional nature of the best and most normal women?

If, however, it did not understand the consequences nine years ago, when it gave older women the vote, it can hardly be hoped that it will do so now. For if the best women of thirty and over still remain to a very large extent under the sway of their emotional equipment, it is quite certain that women of more tender years, standing on the threshold of the career which will be made or marred according to the richness or poverty of their emotional gifts, are, or should be, wholly under the direction of the latter. So much of vital importance has to be decided and done by them which only their emotions

can help them to decide and do efficiently, that any other form of guidance may actually be dangerous.

But politics represent interests and problems which are the least suited to an emotional approach. The most alarming vices of democracy, its most regrettable consequences, can all be traced to the difficulty of excluding emotionalism from an activity in which a mentally undisciplined and untutored mob may constitute itself a determining factor. Democratic politics tend in any case to degenerate into a demagogic exploitation of popular emotions, unless there is always a balance in favour of the intellectually detached, the rational, and the philosophic elements in the population.

The female franchise clause of the Representation of the People's Act of 1918 certainly levelled a serious blow at all those elements which tend to counterbalance the emotionalism of modern politics. But if the franchise is now to be extended to 4,000,000 girls between twenty-one and twenty-five, then the intellectually detached and rationally minded elements in the population will be wiped out, and democratic control, at least in England, will commit suicide by becoming utterly irresponsible and ridiculous.

What is the alternative? To deprive the young women of their emotional direction, and thus fit them for their new political activities? This end is certainly possible. But, when once it has been clearly visualized, will any sensible person solemnly assert that it is desirable? It will mean the destruction of normal women as we know them and value them, and meanwhile—during the period of imperfect adaptation—the total degradation of the political life of the country.

But the truth is that modern men are not aware of this alternative. They are not sufficiently clear about sex matters in general to be able to see that in this question it is impossible to have it both ways. They have committed one grave error, for which they cannot fail sooner or later to be punished. They have generalized so wildly about "woman" that in the end they can no longer see the individual trees for the wood. They took "woman" to be an inclusive term, capable of being applied indiscriminately to every member of the female sex. And thus when a handful of intermediate types—each with five-eighths female and three-eighths male elements in

her constitution—arose and posed as representatives of the "women" of the nation, and clamoured for the vote, the right to sit on juries, and the privilege of being treated for most social purposes as men, modern Englishmen thought they were confronted by the whole of the female sex. They imagined that "women" really wanted the things these "intermediates" agitated for. And why? Simply because the agitators happened outwardly to look like women!

With all the cold detachment of incomplete beings, these feminist pioneers and leaders rightly claimed that their emotions never once disturbed the even tenor of their thoughts—nay more, they undertook to prove that they could be as neutral as wax figures endowed with brains when confronted by any political or intellectual problem which required dispassionate attention, and they actually persuaded the male section of the population that they represented "Woman"! Such deceptions are unpardonable, but surely it is far more unpardonable to be taken in by them. The agitators and pioneers of the Woman's Movement were largely of this intermediate type, capable of packing their emotions and their passions into their cigarette cases if the necessity arose. That explains why, in the thick of the old Suffragette fights, thousands of bewildered women of the more normal type protested that they did not want the things the "intermediates" clamoured for. But the bulk of these normal women were inarticulate and unorganized, and so the nation was not impressed by them.

It is the same today. The agitation for the "Flapper vote" has followed the same lines. To suppose that the handful who really want it represent the majority of girls of twenty-one is to allow oneself to be hoodwinked by a mere disguise, a sartorial trick. It is, however, much more serious than that in its consequences. For it means that ultimately, if we wish to make our young women fit for politics, or if we wish to save our political life from Nemesis, we must endeavour as quickly as possible to transform all our desirable and warm-blooded young women into intermediate types—cold, impoverished, listless, passionless, and abnormal creatures, standing half-way between the masculine and feminine poles, and therefore possessing none of the best qualities of either.

St. George for England

By Prebendary A. W. Gough

(Delivered at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, April 24, 1927)

NEVER in the past history of England have we been in greater need of remembering St. George, and never has the religion of England in particular stood in greater need of some impulse and guidance from the life of our national patron saint. St. George stands for the masculine religion of Jesus Christ in a world where today dragons still exist. In their modern shapes these foes show a confidence such as I do not think that they have ever had before in civilized history.

I say the *masculine* religion of Jesus Christ. For, there is a great deal of current religion which is not masculine whatever its other qualities may be. And this is a strange fact of our times. For the religion of England, all through our history till lately, has undoubtedly been masculine in quality. It was so in the Middle Ages. The English race never absorbed the softer part of the Latin religious temper. It rendered adoration to the Mother and Child, less as an occasion of sentimentality, than as a provocation to chivalry. And, in the Reformation period the temper of the English religion was masculine; and, in the period of the Puritan domination it was still masculine, and ruggedly at that. And in the long glacial religious period that followed the Puritan time, and extended over the greater part of the eighteenth century, the temper of the English religion still remained of this character. Even the great wave of revivalism which swept over England in the latter half of the eighteenth century, although it encouraged professions of extreme dependence, and in some ways depreciated human dignity, did not undo the masculine spirit of the country. Some of the most prominent figures in the movement—men who were sentimentally dependent in their devotions—were exceedingly masculine Englishmen on the battlefields of the Empire, and otherwise in the service of the State. Not until our day has this masculine spirit been lost very largely in the religion professed and practised in the land. Not until

lately has the temper of the nation been adversely affected by the religion taught to the people. But, today, we have come upon a strange feminine sort of turn in religion. All those masculine virtues which used to be admired seem to be deprecated. Where religion shows itself engaged in movements, there is a curious *respect* for weakness—almost an admiration for it—which shows a strange forgetfulness of the office of religion as the supreme source of strength. We are forgetting to be strong in the Lord, and we are tending to be sentimentally weak—not in the Lord, and, at the same time to be losing our hold on the great principles in loyalty to which our nation has built its eminence, and made its wealth and progress, and established its character in the world. It is strange and profoundly serious that religion should have taken this turn. But, undoubtedly it has very largely taken it, as may be seen in its more popular movements and the phases of the religious life of today which are most readily advertised. Weakness is almost exulted in. The hard-working successful man is regarded as a person less likely to be approved by God than the most undeserving " down and out." And, any attempt to energize the nation by appeals to a masculine and imperial spirit—however gracious and human the purposes to which it is invited to devote its energies—is becoming increasingly regarded as " un-Christian." We are to have a special kind of politics, economics, and citizenship for restraining efficiency and flattering the incapable.

When we say that this turn is unmasculine in character we are not to think that women are especially responsible for it. I am not much afraid of the influence of womanhood in the public affairs of this country, or in the work of the Church. What I am afraid of is the feminine man. It is the Feminine Man who today exercises so extraordinary an influence both in the Church and in the State. It is he who is doing most of this praising and exalting of weakness and condoning of idleness. He it is who is so full of pity for any spectacle which suggests hard work; and so unfriendly in his attitude towards robust strength or efficiency, especially efficiency expecting to receive any reward for being efficient. Very strangely, he can often applaud vigorous exercises in other races which are not friendly to us, but he holds that

it is irreligious to commend these things in the people of England. He is dead against "competition"—competition which is the greatest fact in the soul of the Englishman. For the present he does not decry it entirely in our sports. But the competitive spirit that has made our race great; that has built our Empire; that is the most important essential of progress in the world of life, including this human world of ours,—this is detested by the feminine man.

It is very strange, but this sort of person has a settled conviction that his country is wrong, and any foes who rise against her, right. He would make unemployment the most flourishing industry in the country; he is for the most part in favour of making friendly agreements with irreconcilable enemies, even with an enemy who throughout the world is striving for the overthrow of our Empire. And, he is quite pleased to bribe the old English energy down into home-abiding lethargy by doles and such-like expedients.

From a national and human point of view he is with the destroyers—this dangerous feminine man—and we need the spirit of St. George to arise in England to deal with him. For, alas, we seem to have very little power of grappling with things which we regard as evils in the public life. A kind of softness besets the good Englishman, virile and wholesome though he is in himself, when it comes to dealing with the mischief of the feminine man. The utmost he hopes for is that the mischievous force will be tired out before it can overthrow us.

And yet there have been times, even in these late years, when the action of England has been worthy of its patron saint—in 1914, for example, when the common Englishman rose to an appreciation of what his soul contained and what God meant him to do. It was no one class in particular that then showed its spiritual kinship with St. George, for the humblest Englishman was as valiant as the noblest. The plainest working man left his tools and his hopes and wages, and rushed out at the bidding of a great imperious requirement of sacrifice; and the most highly-placed in the land were equally regardless of their own interests.

And lately, when that revolutionary attempt was

made—almost exactly a year ago—against the liberties of England and the Constitution of the Realm, the spirit of England rose to a splendour of service that proved our possession of the ancient virility. St. George was at home in London, surely, as the young men and women of the land of all classes rallied to the work of beating down that iniquitous dragon's assault upon our constitutional freedom.

Oh, there is still in England, however little it may find a voice in public, there is still in England the spirit that St. George can recognize. Still he has millions of men and women in this land who have not bowed the knee to the hateful idol which today threatens our liberties and would menace our progress. The spirit is still to be found. But it needs to be quickened—for the whole world's sake. "St. George for England and Humanity!" For, on England everything really hangs today all the world over. And nothing but an England true to St. George can secure the general welfare. There is only one people that can deliver the menaced and sorely tempted and bitterly assaulted humanity of the world.

We know little of the detail of this Saint's story, and yet we know what manner of man he was very largely by the token of our own most generous and most Christian moments, when we forget our paltry little selves, to serve the land, the race and our God; when we make little of our own interests at the call of service. At these times there is something in us which tells us of St. George.

This man, this soldier of long ago, this gallant servant of Jesus Christ, this brave and distinguished fighter under Diocletian and under Galerius—this is the man whose appeal we should heed today. And the breed of England responding to this summons and this spirit will recognize that religion calls to sacrifice, calls to manhood and to womanhood; that it is not a force to make things easy and to make idleness comfortable, but a power to enable us to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, fighting under His banner—which is also the red cross of St. George—against the devil and all his wiles, that will prevail. This is the call of St. George today.

China: A Diehard Delusion

By J. O. P. Bland

GREAT is truth, says the adage, and it shall prevail. For those who philosophically contemplate the sorry scheme of things entire, divested of the Time Garment, this may be a comfortable thought; but for the time being, it is somewhat disturbing and depressing to observe the ease with which untruth takes root and spreads in a world made free for democracy, and how steadily it continues to flourish in certain sections of the Press and in the high places of politics. In cases (such as that of China) where the man in the street has no means of ascertaining the facts for himself, it is undeniable that error, often deliberately propagated, is a diehard of the toughest kind. Let us consider, for example, the delusions at one time almost universally prevalent, and still widely current, concerning the so-called Nationalist movement. Until quite recently the idea was generally accepted in political, religious and even commercial circles, that this widespread anti-foreign agitation is the natural, if not laudable, expression of a newly-awakened national consciousness and that the Cantonese Nationalist movement represents the deep sentiments and patriotic aspirations of the Chinese people. The rapid growth of this delusion and the pontifical manner of its assertion in the highest quarters may be ascribed to several contributory causes. First of these, no doubt, is the inevitable reaction produced in the minds of men by the war, a reaction of academic sentiment whose major prophet was President Wilson and which has found many minor prophets in the ranks of our own pacifists, political visionaries and international faddists. After the stress and strain of those long years of war, the desire for peace in our time is natural enough; the pity of it is that many of the ways in which earnest pacifists would seek peace and ensue it are calculated (as in the case of our policy of patient conciliation in China) to lead us into hostilities and humiliations which a little wisdom might have avoided.

A second contributory cause, to some extent connected with the first, lies in the perversion of our Imperial

policies overseas by that false democratic theory which attributes to uncivilized people the qualities requisite for successful self-government under democratic institutions. "Racial equality," writes Lord Bryce, "has become a dogma, almost a faith, with a majority of those who, dwelling in Europe, have no direct knowledge of the races to whom their theoretical sympathy goes out." This criticism is even more applicable to public opinion in the United States than in Europe, and it is worthy of note (as I have had occasion to point out in an earlier article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW) that many of the errors recently committed by our Government in China are directly due to the subservience of British to American foreign policy. It requires but little direct knowledge of the Chinese people to reveal the fatuity of attempting to apply the democratic theory of racial equality in that country by the abolition of extra-territoriality and the surrender of our lawful property at the Treaty Ports Concessions; there can be no possible hope by such means of establishing future relations upon a basis of mutual respect and confidence. The fallacy of the dogma which cheerfully confers equal voting power in the League of Nations upon the representatives of the Great Powers and those of the Central American Republics, is obvious to all except vocational idealists; equally delusive is the belief, greatly cherished in American Universities, that because, in the absence of an authoritative ruler, China has abolished the Monarchy and hoisted a Republican flag, a democratic system of the Western type can therefore be built up on the substructure of her patriarchal social system and successfully applied to a country whose population is generally illiterate and politically unconscious, and whose criminal procedure is still in a state of mediæval barbarism.

A third cause which has greatly contributed to the widespread acceptance in this country of the belief that the Cantonese movement might be expected to produce a stable and effective government, is to be found in the skilful propaganda, directed to create and disseminate this impression, by China's diplomatic agents, publicists and students abroad, most of whom are Southerners. This propaganda has been supported by

the sympathetic sponsors of Young China in many of the powerful organizations interested in missionary and educational work in China, and by the vernacular Press of the Treaty Ports. It is not difficult to account for the effect it has produced in the United States, where the only Chinese with whom the "highbrow" ever has to deal are the highly intelligent, plausible and courteous representatives of Oriental culture, eager for "Western learning." The American people readily accept the fervid phrases and gestures of Young China's Intellectuals as truly representative of the patriotic sentiments of the Chinese nation, and they find justification for so doing in the testimony of American missionaries, naturally reluctant, as a rule, to depreciate the fruit of the tree of knowledge which they themselves have planted and nourished (and which, incidentally, has also nourished them). The American attitude, howsoever misguided, is therefore intelligible. But that we, who from actual experience should know how little the semi-alien student class is concerned with the realities of the life of the masses in China, that we, with two centuries of study of these realities, and of the Chinese race in its own habitat, should be willing to follow the American lead down these primrose paths of sentimental delusion, is a phenomenon remarkably suggestive of the efficacy of systematic propaganda.

Since the exposure of the real nature of the Cantonese movement and the character of its leaders, afforded first by their proceedings at Hankow and Nanking and then by the documentary evidence obtained in the raid on the Soviet Legation at Peking, there has been less talk in Parliament and Press of the virtue of liberal gestures and sympathetic concessions to China's "legitimate aspirations." The Secretary for Foreign Affairs has gone so far as to express doubts about the advisability of further consideration, for the present, of the question of extra-territoriality. The President of the China Association, at its recent annual meeting, expressed the opinion that the British Government will be compelled by the force of circumstances to associate itself with a definite policy for the pacification of China, whilst the annulment of the Hankow Concession agreement finds strong advocates in

influential quarters. In other words, public opinion is being led to realize, not for the first time in the history of our relations with China, that a policy of patient conciliation in the face of hostile violence must always prove a costly blunder.

Nevertheless, the idea that the Nationalist movement represents a definite constructive purpose and patriotic aspirations continues to find expression and support in certain quarters, and this despite the overwhelming evidence to prove that it owes most of its motive force and success to money and propaganda supplied from Moscow. It is a popular delusion which evidently means to die hard. On April 29 there appeared in the *Times*, telegraphed from Shanghai, extracts from a manifesto signed by twelve American missionaries, refugees from Nanking. The authors of this document, be it observed, had all previously supported the "patriotic" aspirations of the Nationalists and their agitation for the abolition of the "unequal Treaties" and extra-territoriality; they are, in fact, representatives of the benevolent but misguided religious bodies which, consciously or unconsciously, have sowed the winds of unrest and chauvinism in China. They now confess their disillusion, swift and complete. After observing that the Nationalists have broken all their promises and ignored all their obligations, their manifesto says :—

> We have favoured the return of the Concessions to China, but today the Foreign Settlements (at Shanghai) are our only place of refuge. We have assured our people abroad that the Nationalist movement was not anti-foreign or anti-Christian, but now we are driven from our homes and dispossessed of our property. We who remained at Nanking on March 24 were not personally depending upon extraterritorial privileges nor on any other form of foreign protection, but were putting our trust in the assurances of the Nationalists. Events show that our faith was not justified. In all these matters, the facts of the situation flatly contradict our words. Everything that we have said in favour of the National movement is made to appear false.

By a curious coincidence, not devoid of sardonic humour, there appeared in the same issue of the *Times* another manifesto signed by a number of Labour members of Parliament. It called for the withdrawal of all British armed forces from China and the renunciation of "all

privileges wrung from China by war, including extra-territoriality, foreign control of the maritime Customs, and foreign Settlements and Concessions." It demanded, in fact, the immediate and complete destruction of British trade, property and vested interests in China, presumably in the interests of the British working man. "It is important," the signatories of this precious document declared, "that British workers should unite to stop the war (*sic*) in China, by every means in their power, and give their whole-hearted support to the Chinese Nationalist movement, which is developing trade unionism for the protection of the Chinese workers." In other words, Mr. Lansbury and his colleagues proposed that Great Britain should intervene in China's civil war on the side of a political faction which takes its orders and its pay from the agents of the Soviet, and they justified this preposterous proposal on the equally preposterous ground that the Nationalist faction has the interests of Chinese workers at heart and that its political activities are calculated to put an end to the "exploitation" of low-paid Chinese labour. It would be difficult to cite a more convincing example of abysmal ignorance and loose thinking, on the part of those who profess to represent the working-class in this country.

Persistence in the belief that the Nationalist movement represents elements and ideas deserving of our sympathy and support is, however, by no means confined to the disciples of Lenin in our midst. Far from it. The earnest idealists who successfully agitated two years ago for the return of the Boxer Indemnity funds to China for educational purposes are by no means convinced of the error of their ways. They still propose to expend money, which properly belongs to British taxpayers, in adding to the numbers and influence of the student class, beyond question the most violently hostile element in the anti-foreign propaganda of the Nationalist movement. Their persistent belief in the uplifting virtue of Western education has apparently survived all the damning evidence of its pernicious results, as supplied by the student class militant, from Peking to Canton. For them, as for the *ex cathedra* publicists of the Sunday Press, the experience of sixty years of educational

experiments is a negligible quantity. What if the seed sown during this cycle of Cathay has brought forth only tares and thistles? Next season's crop is bound to be very different, a bumper harvest of golden grain. Forgetting that for hundreds, not to say thousands of years, civil war and banditry have invariably devastated China in the absence of an effective despotic authority, they would have us believe that the existing chaos is "an inevitable stage of national evolution"—growing pains, in fact—and that "the best elements in the Cantonese party are sane and able, genuine democrats who believe in government by the people for the people." Needless to say, none of these benevolent theorists could name a single instance of a Nationalist leader who, having attained to power, has seriously endeavoured to produce any kind of government other than that which directly benefits the governor, nor one who has displayed any disinterested faith in the fantastic idea of representative government by and for the illiterate, passive masses. Following the example of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, they prefer to overlook the unpleasant "exigencies of the moment," ever hopeful of the dawn of the New Era, when (to quote Mr. Chamberlain's latest utterance on the subject) "our friendly policy will presently evoke an equally friendly response from a Chinese Government freed from foreign domination, and thus enabled to devote itself to the single-minded service of the interests of the Chinese."

In the same speech as that from which I have quoted this last amazing utterance the Foreign Secretary revealed once more a complete misconception of the true state of affairs in China and a lamentable ignorance of causes and effects in that country. Once again he spoke hopefully of a new Nationalist Government being formed at Nanking, and explained that the British Government's moderation in dealing with the Nanking "incident" was inspired "by a desire not to embarrass this, or any other, new Government in their task of introducing order in the territory under their control"—as if the Cantonese, or any other faction, had ever shown any signs of either the capacity or the desire to "introduce order"! The recent struggle for the spoils between rival groups of the

Cantonese party merely inspired him with new hopes of the old type; he went so far as to describe it as a "severe punishment of the real offenders, the Communist agitators, by the Chinese Nationalists." Thus the delusion of a genuine national movement, the fantastic vision of democratic patriots nobly struggling to be free, receives once again the official *imprimatur*, and the policy of patient conciliation secures a new lease of life, or at least of suspended animation. It is symptomatic of the listless passivity of the present Parliament that the Foreign Secretary's remarkable statements should have passed practically without criticism or challenge. No member arose to remind the complacent House that only ten days before General Chiang Kai-shek, the founder and leader of this new Nationalist Government at Nanking, had issued a proclamation in the best Moscovite style, clearly intended to incite popular passion to fresh attacks upon foreigners. In telegraphing a summary of this document, the *Times* correspondent at Shanghai observed that it "might help to correct the delusions of those who fondly imagine that Chiang Kai-shek's raid on the Communists was inspired by any other motive than self-protection, and who deceive themselves into thinking that he is less likely to make use of the latent anti-foreign intemperance of the mob than the Communists."

The errors prevalent in Downing Street and Fleet Street concerning the advantages of a conciliatory attitude in China, the effect of the Hankow agreement, the reliability of Mr. Eugene Chen, the real motives of the Cantonese faction, and other matters, were fully exposed by THE ENGLISH REVIEW before the facts, rudely emphasized by events, became generally recognized. The truth of this matter of Chinese Nationalism will also emerge in due course by sheer force of circumstances—meanwhile the reader will find it briefly stated in the March number of this REVIEW. For the present, suffice it to say that the vast majority of the Chinese people are no more concerned with the political clamour of Young China at the Treaty Ports, than a venerable spreading oak might be with the chatter of starlings in its boughs.

Democracy in the Free State

By "Pat"

(Author of "Economics for Irishmen")

I—Causes

The strange and lonely island in the Western Sea, which challenged Agricola, gave courtiers to Charlemagne, and provided their principal professors for the earliest universities in Europe, remains as strange as ever, if not as lonely. Tacitus and Lord Birkenhead are equally far from her secret. The ages pass, and the riddle remains, but the people are rapidly dying out now, and at a greatly increased rate since they got "our national freedom" five years ago. Death solves most problems, and cancels the remainder.

At present values, I do not hold the loss a large one. At the values of the past, it would be incalculably great. The Irish are, or were, an historic people, and something more. Their record ranks high, at least for that dark time of the earliest renaissance, when a gifted few tried to rescue the remains of classic civilization from the flood of semi-Christian barbarism. Incredible as it must look to all but scholars in our time, no other nation in the world, great or small, did so much to that end, and men who know it can still be found at places like Oxford, Cambridge and Trinity College, Dublin. The Irish have been ill-rewarded for the service, and now, when mankind could pay the debt, they have sunk below the capacity to receive it, organized as they are to repel the appeal of progressive civilization. To separate themselves from the British, they isolate themselves from humanity, and the end of this is extinction.

When the Free State started, the population was over three millions, and rising. Now it is under three millions, and falling. The emigration from the Free State alone for the past official year was over 30,000, "to countries outside Europe," but there is a remarkable increase also to countries inside Europe, not officially included. The exodus gives the Catholic Church 30,000 missionaries, at their own expense, and it rids England of as many enemies; but I do not know any benefit to anybody else.

The race die out because they will not adapt themselves to the conditions of the age and the necessities of the situation; at an increased rate, because their destructive tendencies, formerly checked by the British connection, have been let loose in the name of liberty. Autonomy ought to mean self-preservation, but where Wrong ranks above Right, the larger the liberty, the larger the ruin. The line between liberty and suicide is the frontier of social sanity.

It is much worse than a failure to arrest crime. The executive system itself becomes a criminal organization. The policeman is preferred for his aptitude in boycotting. The judge is continued on the bench, though publicly known to accommodate a conspiracy of perjurors, and this is a thing which no man could care to write unless he had seen it.

The Minister of Justice admits that the people distrust the police, and well they may, for the police are little more than an ecclesiastical secret service. "I never heard such perjury . . . it passes all bounds," says the circuit judge at Longford, and it would be better for Ireland if some other judges followed his plain speaking. The higher orders of the judiciary are better; in fact, quite good. The task would be hard enough if it were a case of the law *v.* the criminal, but it is nothing so simple. The criminal is commonly the official servant of the law. When a man is robbed, he refuses to tell the police, because he believes that it would increase the robbery. I have seen this, too. The proofs afforded by critical observation are confirmed by the highest judicial authority. On the testimony of the leading judges in the highest Courts, fraud and perjury, even in the public services, are "becoming very common in this country," which means growing worse. Pocket-picking in the churches has become a police problem in the city of Cork, where the people are commonly robbed "while at their devotions, and even at the altar rails." Catch the pickpocket, and he will be found as pious as those whom he has robbed.

Barring Brahmanism, Ireland is the only country where the thief and the murderer are found in full communion with religion. For instance, James Carey, who

planned the Phœnix Park murders, and hanged his accomplices, used to go to Holy Communion in the morning as a preparation to give the murder signal in the afternoon. The other murderers of his gang were all religious, some of them choristers, and one of the worst among them was shocked at the idea of eating meat on a Friday. Good government anywhere depends much on the moral sense of proportion in the community, and the men who undertake this task for the Free State deserve the sympathy of all mankind. It is only now they are beginning to find out the desperate meaning of their adventure. So far, Home Rule for Ireland has certainly resulted in the ruin of the Irish, and for the benefit of nobody but the British Government, who naturally prefer to see the people of the Free State murder and rob each other, if they must, at their own expense, and without injury to Imperial prestige.

The ingenuous Englishman, confronted by all this, will decide at once: "Here is an urgent case for education reform, and for education in citizenship especially"; but this is "where angels fear to tread." When the Imperial Parliament was tinkering with Home Rule in 1912, the *enfant terrible* of the Irish Parliamentary Party proclaimed, "One of the first things we mean to do when we get Home Rule is to overhaul Irish Education from top to bottom." He had spent his life in Irish politics, and that was all he knew of his country. His proclamation required the destruction of his Party, and they were accordingly destroyed. It is not a very hopeful headline for the Dublin Government in the matter of education reform, yet, without it, the Free State remains quite hopeless.

The Dublin Government have done their best, and their results are better than anybody expected, but they cannot pay the bills of the twentieth century with the income of the fifteenth. They cannot set up Samuel Smiles in place of Thomas Aquinas. A government of archangels could not recruit a trustworthy executive from the very raw material at hand, and with some exceptions the Parliament is even worse than the Executive. The electorate, which is the foundation of all, cannot even be trusted to provide an honorary

magistracy. The Government have been forced to institute an exclusively stipendiary Bench. For like reasons, they have been forced to abolish the bulk of Local Government. Their juridical reforms are all in the direction of abolishing trial by jury, which is not without its advantages where fraud and perjury are "becoming very common." "The ballot-box has no secrets from us," declares the ecclesiastical authority in a typical election, and "his man" comes out at the head of the poll, but really represents nobody in Ireland. He is rather the honourable "mimber" for Rodrigo Borgia, who gave Ireland the Angelus to keep the head in the clouds and the Index Expurgatorius to keep her feet on the treadmill.

The stipendiary Bench is an improvement—the only notable improvement. The new magistrate is a better class of man. He does not keep a public-house. He is never seen drunk on the bench. He takes no active part in criminal boycotting. He is sometimes even suspected of having a conscience. In every other aspect of public order the level is much lower, and the greatest fall of all is the fall in freedom. By their own necessity, without the help of British rule, the Irish live now under the most terrible coercion act since the penal laws, a statute which pre-supposes a permanent menace as savage as it is criminal. Disraeli was the first to see that Ireland's was a case that could be met "only by revolution," and that "this was prohibited by a stronger Power," but the description is much more true now. The Free Staters have not yet killed anything like enough of each other for stability, and they have not killed the right people.

Tiring of "Parliamentarianism," and always incapable of truth, they substituted the still more barren cult of looking backward to save Ireland by "language and history," but after twenty-five years of expensive pretence they remain profoundly ignorant of both. Their falsification of history is systematic; it makes ignorance vicious, and turns Christianity into hate. For a master of their dead language they must go to Vienna. I have listened to schoolgirls of Dresden and Berlin eloquent in their reverence for our learned Alcuin, "the pride of Charlemagne's Court," but the professors

who pose in the Gaelic colleges of the Irish Free State shake their heads at the name. In general, their teaching of Irish history starts from the time the Church turned patriot. This plan puts all the blame for the penal laws on the British, and cuts out the preceding persecutions of the nation by the Church. There is not a statute in the penal record that was not copied from some ecclesiastical code, but by suppressing the fact, the cult of hate is concentrated against Britain, and the British themselves have accommodated the falsification. History is sufficiently subject to bias even when the teacher is quite sincere. What hope for the truth when the intention is to falsify?

In a large majority of the primary schools at least half the teaching power is wasted on a single subject, the Irish language, and pupils do not learn it. Most of the teachers are quite ignorant of it, but they are paid to teach it, and to teach English through the medium of it to English-speaking pupils who know no Irish. Teachers and pupils hate it. The parents despise it. Yet it is compulsory in the schools, and essential in examinations for the public service. The Protestants object to the compulsion, but the more they object, the more they are compelled. As a trick to exclude them from the public services the language tyranny is admirable.

Of course the standard of education has fallen, and the fall is great, though the cost has been multiplied by more than three. No matter what the educational value of any one subject, it cannot take fifty per cent. of the teaching power without ruining education. Who is to blame? And what is the remedy? Ask the Church, and she will tell you, "The Parliament has now all power in these things." Ask the Parliament, and they will tell you, "The Church would certainly unseat us all at the next elections if we attempted any serious reform of education." Where "the ballot-box has no secrets from us," it is as well to have no vote at all, and in a recent election for the Senate, with "the constitution in danger," more than ninety per cent. in Mayo kept away from the poll. Why should anybody bother to vote where he is not allowed to state his reasons for voting? It is bad to be a slave, worse to be mocked for it. The ballot-box

itself is but an additional fraud where crime is the passport to property and peace the child of terror.

The ballot-box, the language, and the history are further complicated by the problem of "the nation's soul," which, they say, depends entirely on the language, though Catholic souls are supposed to depend somewhat on their religion. The philological resurrection is dangerously slow, and the terrible increase in emigration shows that it cannot be accomplished at home. In search of her lost soul, the nation goes to Chicago, where they keep ten thousand prostitutes in one second-rate city.

For those doomed to survive on the island the outlook is still worse. Among the ten thousand diversions of Chicago, they might forget to tremble at the grammar of immortality, but at home salvation is more than a full-time job, unfinished even after laborious overtime, not to mention the consequent neglect of pig-breeding and potato-spraying. What logical Irishman would sacrifice immortality to pigs and potatoes? It is but an insular survival of the historic struggle between the sovereignty of the State and the supremacy of the Church. To make the Catholic, the man must be destroyed; to perfect the Church, the nation must be deformed. Two such very different claims cannot be supreme in the same sphere, and the Irish Catholics invariably prefer the Church (which, of course, keeps them permanently incapable of sovereignty), since the Church insists on her supremacy over the State.

If the Government of the Free State mean business in earnest, it is high time they began to consider one simple problem, which they will find the key to all the others: the energies which might make prosperity in Ireland are directed for another world, where the efficiencies for permanent stability are quite different, not a bit like Ballyhooly. Except in the north-east corner, which is an extension of Scotland, Ireland has been caught and kept in the fifteenth century. Who will move her on? By herself she seems to have no motive power. Her new constitution is like the steam hammer kept to crack nuts, except that the nuts grow scarce and the hammer rusty. As a rule, the better the provisions in the constitution, the more inoperative, and the best of

all remain completely so. The constitution postulates "freedom of conscience," but nobody dares to postulate conscience itself. In a remarkable speech last winter Lord Glenavy attributed "complete freedom of thought" to the Government, but his lordship's assurance is our only evidence of it. On paper, the Parliament has power to advance on the fifteenth century, but—"the ballot-box has no secrets from us."

II—Effects

I have submitted some of the fundamental disabilities which, so long as they last, must certainly make "freedom" an increase of tyranny, and assure the downward fate of the Free State. If but to check the conclusion, let us now compare concrete results in current practice. As expressing the direction and rate of established tendencies, I have not much confidence in post-war statistics anywhere, because they are everywhere either too far below the truth or too far above it, but in the Irish case it happens that I am in a position to test official figures in the light of personal knowledge.

The cost of Government in the Free State is anything from 25 to 35 millions, varying by the will of Miss Mary McSwiney and her friends, whose republican methods can make the bill more or less by millions at any time. In one way and another their republicanism costs the Free Staters at least as much as the whole net revenue from the same area under "British rule," and the whole of this excess is worse than wasted on "services" which have neither purpose nor meaning but to prevent the people killing and robbing each other, for which a police service ought to be enough. For purposes of national defence the army is useless. The strategic value of the island is great, and an army fit to defend it would cost much more than the whole revenue, North and South. Besides, in any event, even assuming total separation, the defence of Ireland remains an imperial obligation. In other words, the defensive power of the Empire, free of charge, is worth at least 7 to 10 millions a year to the Free State, but she chooses to throw it away, after screwing it from a people who are steadily drifting towards starvation. Meantime, the republicans count on keeping

up the cost until they have bankrupted the Free State, and the Church stands behind the republicans, in the dark, ready to let loose the furies of two or more worlds in case the Government attempt education reform or any other measure that might improve on the fifteenth century. While the Church keeps prelates in Ireland to flatter the Government, she keeps a much more powerful prelate in Melbourne to frighten them, so that between flattery, fright, and Miss McSwiney, the business of building national stability is not very bright.

On an average of normal years before the world went mad, and Ireland maddest, the net revenue from the whole island was about 11 millions. What would be the proportion of this from the Free State area? Probably not more than 7 millions. It is important to note the word "net," because it meant a much higher value in the six counties than outside. The grants, the subventions, and the emergency expenditure were very much less in the six counties, where their industry disqualified them for the imperial blessings of the Congested Districts Board, who paid people for building their own piggeries to get the pigs out of the parlour, and, at the expense of the State, turned peasants into landowners while they slept. Take the net revenue from the Free State at £7,000,000 under the Union, and the cost of Government now at an average of £30,000,000, as estimated in budgets and supplementary estimates. For every £1 they paid under British rule they pay more than £4 now.

What do they get for it? They certainly get much less for the £30,000,000 than they got for the £7,000,000, so that in cash they are about £23,000,000 a year out of pocket, not to mention the fallen value of the public services, and the way in which this fall must hinder the investment of productive capital to relieve the slump. There is matter enough for a whole book in the fall of official efficiency, but the declarations of the eminent judges quoted above ought to be enough. When "fraudulent conversion of public funds by public officials is becoming very common," and when perjury to back the fraud is "very prevalent," we may rest assured that the moral collapse in the lower orders of the public

service will be in full proportion. As a matter of fact, it is very much worse, and worst of all in the police. I have seen their officials organizing perjury, and their promotion publicly recommended for it, in the face of full public knowledge about their crime and the conspiracy requiring it; and every official perjuror of these gets a certificate from his parish priest to qualify for the service. Such are the facts that account for Ulster "remaining out," and wishing that she could be still farther out. Every day deepens the gulf, and the latest illustration is another large fall in Ulster's imports from the Free State for the first three months of the present year.

A few years before the war there was a Census of Production. In agriculture, for all Ireland it came out a little over 45½ millions "in the gross." Leave out grass, which grows of itself, and allow wages at 30s. a week for the rest; the total must have been produced at such a heavy loss as would soon ruin any capitalist employer. Even at 15s. a week he could make no profit. The difference is covered by the slavish standard of life and work among the peasantry, doomed to meet modern obligations on their mediæval mentality and the standing threat that "the ballot-box has no secrets from us."

Following the 7–11 proportion, as in the estimate above, the Free State share of the agriculture comes out actually at less than the cost of government; but then, this is "in the gross," and the net income, on which alone the agrarians have to live, must come out a great deal less still. Wages are not the only cost of production in farming. There are also seeds, manures, etc. Then we have to bear in mind that agricultural production has fallen very much since the census was taken in 1908. The net income of the whole agrarian community at present cannot be more than 25 millions, and is probably less, while the average cost of government is about 30 millions. It means that the whole net income for more than three-fourths of the Free State population is about 20 per cent. less than the cost of government. One cannot but feel sorry for the nation whose statesmen assume that this can last.

If I drop official figures and trust my eyes, the inference is at least as bad. Here is my typical, hard-

working neighbour, who denounced "British rule" when he had eleven cows, with a handsome horse and trap. After five years of "freedom" he is reduced to two cows, has sold his horse and trap, is unable to pay his debts, and has begun going to England as a migratory labourer, while his wife and the children try to look after the harvest at home. Out of the money he had to spare under "British rule" he bought "bonds" in the Irish Republic, not yet redeemed, and now, republican as he is, he "wishes to God he were back under British rule again." No matter where we turn in the Free State, we find things more or less like this, and very much worse in many places. During the past two years I have examined a large number of typical peasant farms, and on the average the increase of taxation due to "our national freedom" is more than three times the total gains from all the Land Acts, all the reductions in rent, all the peasant proprietorship, all the agitation and all the murder for the past sixty years; but the typical peasant dares not complain, unless privately and in confidence.

The road from Kilkelly to Swinford, in Mayo, runs among lonely lakes on a moorland plateau, which ends half-way in a vast escarpment sloping north, saturated with springs that percolate from the higher level behind, which makes agriculture here like a permanent invalid with a cold sponge on his back. In profile, the "land" looks like an inclined plane of grey stones, so small are the "fields," so numerous the fences. No plough can be used. They dig with the old spade among the rocks and springs, in competition with the steam-plough abroad, and they feed their poultry on imports from America. A flock of hens could be fed now at much less cost in Trafalgar Square than anywhere in Connaught. Listen to the headman on the escarpment of grey stones: "I pay thirty-seven shillings a-year for my holding. It is in five separate parts, and the farthest is a mile from home. No, nothing was done to relieve congestion here. You see, we did no murders. The places where congestion was relieved are the places where they did the murders. As long as we remained quiet, the Government took no notice of us." The

Imperial Treasury financed a Special Board to relieve congestion. After many years of costly failure Parliament ordered a Commission of Inquiry to find out why the Board could not do its work. The evidence is now in official print, and here is an item, quoted from a parish priest: "You may bring as much money as you like into my parish, but don't let me catch you taking a man out of it." This is another of the pitiful problems inherited by the Free State Government. The problems are for today; the public opinion to solve them is of the fifteenth century, and rather below the average at that. The fifteenth century had reformers; the Free State is organized to exterminate them, and those who have most need of them are first in the extermination. There is no surer measure of human progress than the standard of personal liberty, and it has gone down by the distance of a hundred years since the Free State was founded.

This is not the place for piles of official figures, but on the whole they show all that is good going down and all that is bad going up. Better examine fundamental forces and quantities. As the centre of gravity in the economic unit which includes all these islands, London attracts her spare money from Ireland through her banks. I have seen the total put at £116,000,000, but I confess I do not know how a fixed sum can be stated. What I do know is that the total, at its smallest, is absurdly large, that it is held in London, and that the Irish, while starving for capital, cannot have the use of their own money, because their banks find the London money market more profitable. For dealing with calculations of this kind the *Economist* has a highly perfected organization, conducted with the highest ability, and it estimates over £23,000,000 as withdrawn by the Free Staters through their banks from London; this in three and a-half years, through only five banks, by the people, for the people, "to tide them over bad times," not to invest for production, but simply to consume, or to pay for former consumption by discharging debts. The estimate is not complete. In addition to the *Economist's* five banks, there are three others, in the Free State but not of it. The Hibernian Bank is one of the *Economist's*

five, and the Ulster Bank is not. Its headquarters are in Belfast, but its business in the Free State is nearly as much as that of the Hibernian, and it has a working arrangement with a British bank, which will not diminish its need to get the surplus assets out of Ireland. The withdrawal is probably nearer to 40 millions than to 23 millions, and the worst of it is that it represents practically nothing in the way of investment at home. It means an increase of poverty, and it increases still. If this goes on, withdrawing for consumption to meet diminished production, not only bankruptcy but starvation also must follow. How make the financial waters run up-hill and turn back the tide from London luxury to Free State famine? No banker's tricks can solve the problem, because it is a problem in productive power, not in monetary distribution; and the productive problem implies "a problem in character," which brings us back again to the fifteenth century. At the present time the Free Staters are not employable in the Free State at a profit either to themselves or anybody else, and yet in the "atmosphere" of any country but their own, there are no better workers.

The most interesting document of the kind that I have ever seen in print has lately appeared as the report of an Irish Banking Commission, with an American chairman, Professor Parker-Willis, of Columbia University. If but for the novelty of the scheme, I should like to see it tested in full practice, notwithstanding the criticism of Mr. Jameson, a director of the Bank of Ireland and a member of the Commission, who denounces some of the essential proposals as follows: "The soundest financial authorities have always deprecated any increase in the total fiduciary issues of a country . . . but the majority of the Commission definitely recommend an increase from four to six million pounds in the authorized issues." A permanent Currency Commission is recommended, to act for the Government, and Mr. Jameson condemns its function as "a system of trading . . . with the funds lodged by the banks for legal tender notes, which should not be sanctioned under any conditions. . . . The Statement that the [Currency] Commission could vary from time to time the conditions under which it would supply

British Sterling in Dublin to holders of legal tender notes is absolutely preposterous. . . . The frequent changes . . . in the note issues of the banks would be disastrous, etc." To all this, there is a majority "rejoinder," and so a controversy, but I have not space for that.

The Irish banks may well be angry. In effect, the Free State Government become bankers, operating through the proposed Currency Commission. Seeing that they have not a penny piece for banking capital, how is the thing done? They simply take possession of the property of their competitors, namely, the other banks. Confiscation? Not at all. The Government, and only the Government, issue "legal tender notes," and there is no other legal tender in notes. The competing banks cannot carry on without legal tender, for which they pay the Currency Commission (i.e. the Government) "pound for pound," in convertible assets of gilt-edged standing. With all the pounds in real value got for the paper, the Government become financiers on their own account, and their prospective profit is estimated at £250,000 a year, all of which must come from the pockets of the competing bankers, who are turned into runners and gatherers for the Government. The Bank of Ireland becomes jackal to the lion that lurks behind the door of the Currency Commission. I do not believe that the Free State has ever bred anybody who could invent a trick so deliciously American. It is even better than the building plan by which Hideyoshi got up his castle at Osaka when he was Regent of Japan in the sixteenth century. He offered a prize for the biggest building stone delivered at the site, and the neighbours set to work delivering big stones, as if they were all Governors of the Bank of Ireland. Hideyoshi got all the stones he wanted, and paid for only one stone, the biggest. Has Professor Parker-Willis lived much in Japan?

I am not sorry for the Irish banks. Agrarian Ireland has been a kind of milch cow for anybody clever enough to hold the halter, and the banks have had more than their share of the cream, exporting a surplus of it every year, but now the native Irishman, who provides all the fodder, is backed by his Government of humorists to put in his

mug for a first instalment of the liquid asset, and the mugs are sure to multiply as the method advances. If only the industrial character at home could develop to be worthy of the banking invention from America, prosperity would be assured in the Free State, but this would imply a revolution both in the schools and the homes. The directors of Irish banking, hitherto a soundly conservative body, have made a good name for the credit of the concerns in their care, but as in other interests generally, the official personnel has deteriorated. In despite of the directors, some branch managers have taken an active part in criminal boycotting, and made use of the banks to that purpose. As a rule, the banks collect the purchase annuities for the Government from the peasant proprietors, and the lodgments of many peasants have been stolen. When the Free State started, the Government set up a modest scheme of their own to finance farming credit, but the established banks did everything in their power to paralyse it—until the American professor came. If only they would bring him over again, and let him loose among the schools!

The gem of the American contrivance is this: the Free State banks, holding Government paper in exchange for their sound money and their valuable securities, cannot afford to fall out with the Government that exploits them. In their own interests they are bound to back the credit of the Government, which, if it fell, would leave their paper valueless.

The saddest fall of all is the last. There is not a trace now of the intellectual and literary development that did so much honour to Irish genius twenty to thirty years ago. The famous Abbey Theatre, which produced Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, the most intensively tragic concentration in one-act drama for centuries, is quite silent so far as creative art is concerned, subsidized and censored by the Free State Government. Of all the great ones, Dr. Yeats alone remains, no longer writing now, but fallen silent from the stars to weep for Lir's lost children on the strange and lonely island in the Western Sea.

The German Empire*

By Professor Charles Sarolea

THE history of modern Germany may be summed up in a few lines. From Luther to Napoleon, for three dreary centuries the country was a prey to anarchy and doomed to impotence. From the Congress of Vienna to Sedan, she rapidly emerged, rising to unity and prosperity. After 1870 she reached the giddy heights of power and became the supreme arbiter of Europe. In 1914 the German rulers, in a fit of megalomania, challenged a world of enemies, and after a titanic conflict of four years, plunged the people into an abyss of humiliation and misery. The story of the greatness and decline of the German Empire reads like a classical Greek tragedy and moves us to terror and pity. It conveys to the statesman momentous lessons which he may only ignore at his own risk and peril.

To understand the prodigious expansion of the German Reich which preceded the catastrophe, the simplest way is to contrast the two pictures of Germany as she appears in 1800 and in 1900. To build up the French Monarchy had taken five centuries of unending effort and strife. To destroy the old Germany which had survived for a thousand years, to replace it by a new German Empire and again deliberately to destroy that reconstructed Empire was the work of three generations.

In the map of Europe, when Bonaparte as First Consul was just beginning to transform the revolutionary chaos into order, Germany appears as a multi-coloured mosaic of 300 principalities, large and small, rich and poor, secular and ecclesiastical, of free Hanseatic cities and predatory knights. She was a loose confederation, the only federal government on a large scale which had

* This analysis of the causes of the Greatness and Decline of the German Empire contains the substance of a recent lecture delivered under the auspices of the University of Cairo, being the third lecture of a systematic course on Contemporary Political History. This was the first public course in the English language held under the auspices of the University. It attracted, all through the winter, crowded audiences, large numbers being unable to gain admittance to the big hall of the Royal Geographical Society.

emerged in the world before the United States Commonwealth came into being. But unlike the American Federal Government, which was a reality, the German Confederation was a solemn and empty fiction. It pompously called itself the Holy Roman Empire. But it was neither holy nor Roman, nor was it an Empire. It was not holy, because it had long ago been divested of any spiritual meaning. It was not Roman, for it represented the Teutonic nations in opposition to the Latin. It was not an Empire, because the authority of the Habsburg rulers had been reduced to a mere shadow.

But although the German Confederation was not an Empire, its members claimed one imperial prerogative, namely, the right to impose their arbitrary will upon their passive and patient subjects. "Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem." It was a conglomeration of petty despots who frustrated every attempt to restore the reign of Law. A few of those despots were enlightened, like the Grand Duke of Weimar, the patron of Goethe. But the majority were sunk in barbarism and kept their people in virtual slavery. The least objectionable principalities were the ecclesiastical, whose rule was tempered by the spirit of Christianity. Most of those petty States seemed only a tawdry imitation of the French Monarchy. Each princeling wanted to have his miniature copy of Versailles or the Trianon and kept his court of minions and mistresses. And because of his extravagance each princeling was threatened with bankruptcy, and was compelled to repair his shattered fortunes either by selling his influence to France or by hiring his subjects as mercenary soldiers to Great Britain, or by seeking matrimonial alliances with the royal European dynasties.

From the vast welter of petty principalities a few larger sovereignties had arisen, but they were of alien origin, dependent on, or associated with, foreign Powers. The Elector of Bavaria was an ally of the Bourbons. The Elector of Hanover was King of England. The King of Prussia settled his Slav colonies on the Pomeranian plain with Huguenots and other foreign immigrants. The Elector of Saxony was King of Poland. The Holy Roman Emperor himself was an alien, mainly interested

in his Austrian dominions, and the vast majority of his subjects were not German, but Slav and Hungarian.

Such was the condition of Germany in 1800. What an amazing contrast if we compare it to the reconstructed Germany of a century later! From disunion it had progressed to compact unity; from a country mainly agricultural to the first industrial country of the European continent; from comparative poverty to enormous wealth. In 1800 it was impotent and fell a helpless prey to the armies of Napoleon; in 1900 it possessed the strongest army in human history.

The Germany of 1800 was a continental State and had no interest in the sea or in her oversea trade; in 1900 it had built up a mighty sea power. The people who had been cosmopolitans became fierce nationalists burning with an intense patriotism. From sentimental dreamers, the countrymen of Goethe and Beethoven, in one century they turned to implacable realists. The German of 1800 did not extend his horizon beyond the steeple of his village and the limits of his little State. The Germans of 1900 were always dreaming of world power and had world-wide interests. They had settlements in Brazil and in North America; vast enterprises in Asia Minor, in China and in the South Seas.

If we are to account for so prodigious an expansion and for the catastrophe which followed, it will be necessary to give a precise answer to the following three questions. We shall have to explain, first, how so gifted, so numerous, so industrious a people had fallen so low in the Commonwealth of Nations; second, why Germany, having reached such depths of political degradation, rapidly rose to the giddy heights of power and prosperity; and, third, how, after succeeding beyond the wildest dreams of ambition, the German people alienated the good will of the civilized world, roused almost universal enmity and sank into an abyss of humiliation and misery. Those tremendous questions have taxed the ingenuity of historians and have received many and various answers. In the following argument I shall venture to submit my own interpretation, which does not agree with any of these. I do not expect to have my views accepted. I am even afraid that they may be dismissed as essentially

paradoxical. I shall be sufficiently rewarded for my pains if the apparent paradoxes rouse my readers to a closer investigation and to clearer thinking.

Every nation has the bad habit of blaming other nations for her own misfortunes and blunders. Germany is no exception to this general rule. There is a Prussian theory of German history, which is generally accepted across the Rhine and of which Treitschke was the most brilliant exponent. That theory may be described as anti-French and anti-Austrian. It makes both the Bourbons and the Habsburgs responsible for most of the calamities which the German people have suffered since the days of Luther. The anti-French theory is this: France for three hundred years was the persistent, perfidious, and implacable enemy of the German people. The German political degradation can be traced to French militarism and French imperialism. The chief aim of every French ruler, Richelieu, Mazarin, Louis XIV, and Louis XV, was to make Germany impotent. Germany was made the battlefield of Europe. The Catholics were pitted against the Protestants. Germany had to be made weak in order that France might rule, and Germany could be reduced to a state of weakness only by keeping her in a state of chronic anarchy. The Treaty of Westphalia made France the protector of German "liberties" and gave her the right to intervene in German internal affairs. This legalized anarchy established by the Congress of Westphalia after the Thirty Years War, when a French cardinal allied himself with the champion of Protestantism, resulted in the destruction of the Palatinate and the annexation of Alsace. Those were the Dead Sea fruits of French policy.

The anti-French theory of German history is supplemented by an anti-Austrian theory. Whilst France was destroying the body politic of the German Empire, Austrian clericalism was destroying its soul. The policy of the Habsburgs, assisted by the Jesuit Order, was one of systematic obscurantism. The Counter-Reformation triumphed in a great part of South Germany, and the Jesuit reigned supreme until the enlightened despotism of Joseph II opened a final chapter in the history of the Holy Roman Empire.

Such is the interpretation of German history, which in a more or less disguised form will be found in any patriotic German school-book. I do not believe it can stand a critical investigation. I am convinced that the decline of Germany must be traced not to any outside interference, but to internal conditions, which themselves point to some weakness inherent in the German character.

German historians like Treitschke have often pointed to these inherent political weaknesses of the national temperament. They have reflected on the incapacity of the Germans to build up a stable State, on their incurable "subjectivism," their sentimentality, impractical idealism and inaptitude for diplomacy. They have referred to repeated and abortive attempts in the past, from the days of the Hohenstaufen to those of the Hohenzollern. Again and again a brief period of power and glory was succeeded by generations of impotence.

But it is hardly necessary to adduce any deeper causes inherent in the national character. There is an evident and proximate cause explaining the collapse of the Holy Roman Empire and the ravages of German anarchy—the Lutheran Reformation. Recent German thinkers like Max Weber and Troeltzsch have gone much farther than any foreign historians in emphasizing the disastrous political and psychological effects of the Lutheran schism. They point out the profound difference between German Lutherism and French Calvinism. The latter has generally resulted in the establishment of free republican communities—Geneva, Holland, Scotland, England, and the United States. German Lutheranism has generally produced a religion of despotic princes and servile court chaplains.

On the one hand, the Lutheran dogma of Justification by Faith has tended to unnerve and paralyse the German character. Inasmuch as works do not matter, religion becomes a sentimental pietistic mood. The Lutheran Protestant ceases to protest. On the other hand, that intimate fusion and confusion of temporal and spiritual power, which from the beginning was characteristic of Lutheranism, was bound to lead to political servitude. All the powers and all the temporalities which had been wrested from the Roman Church were transferred to a

despotic prince. The prince became himself a "Summus episcopus." "Cujus regio illius religio" was the principle of the Peace of Westphalia. The religion of the sovereign became the religion of the subject. Hence the curious mosaic of the religious map of old Germany. Hence also the countless political divisions.

In answering the first question, why the old German Empire fell a prey to anarchy, I have suggested that it is not French imperialism, but the German Reformation, which must be held responsible. On the contrary, in answering the second question, why the German people emerged from their impotence, I suggest that it is largely French interference which prepared the renewal of German patriotism and which laid the foundation of a reconstructed Germany. It is one of the supreme ironies of modern history that Napoleon, Talleyrand, and Napoleon III were ordained to be unwillingly and unwittingly the master builders of Germany unity. That German consolidation which was to be so fatal to France was one of the achievements of revolutionary French statesmanship.

The first stage in the consolidation of modern Germany was the work of Bonaparte. The famous Recess of 1802 and the Confederation of the Rhine, the suppression of the ecclesiastical principalities, and the mediatization of countless princelings reduced the number of German sovereign territories from 300 to 39.

The second stage in the Prussification of Germany was the work of Talleyrand. At the Congress of Vienna, Prussia claimed part of the territories of the King of Saxony. If the claim had been granted, it would have resulted in a balance of power or led to an early conflict between Prussia and Austria. The policy of Talleyrand and Louis XVIII frustrated the Prussian claim. Instead of Saxony, Prussia was given rich compensations on the Rhine. She thus became the immediate neighbour of her hereditary enemy. It was a tragic blunder of French diplomacy pregnant with fatal results. Talleyrand has often been credited with possessing a prophetic vision of the future. "Il avait de l'avenir dans l'esprit." Did the Mephistopheles of Vienna foresee that the Franco-German War of 1870 was potentially contained in the

cession of the Rhine provinces? "Quem deus perdere vult, prius dementat."

The third stage in consolidation was the work of Napoleon III. He, like his uncle, was the "testamentary executor" of the French Revolution, and to every French revolutionist Prussia was the perfect exemplar of enlightened despotism. He preached the gospel of nationalism. In the name of that principle he fought Russia and Austria. He achieved the unity of Italy. He paved the way for the unity of Germany. After the interview of Biarritz he became the ally of Bismarck before he became his helpless victim.

The unification of Germany which was thus diplomatically prepared by the intervention of France was precipitated and made inevitable by other factors. Among the most important were the Customs Union and the economic expansion which set in after the 'thirties of the last century. Many of the German States became closely knit together by the bond of material interests. Situated in the centre of the European Continent, Germany was bound to profit more than any other country by the industrial revival and the opening up of the resources of central, southern, and eastern Europe.

Another and a scarcely less important factor in the unifying process ought not to be forgotten. If the enormous increase of German trade and industry within an ever larger Customs Union brought about a community of material interest, the equally remarkable progress of German universities brought about a community of ideals. A score of flourishing centres of education unremittingly preached the message of the German Fatherland.

Already in 1848 German unification was so far advanced that the Parliament of Frankfort proclaimed the restoration of the German Empire on a popular basis. The "Greater Germany" policy which is being revived today, but which is still a remote ideal, was on the verge of becoming a living reality. The Frankfort Parliament offered to transfer the leadership of Germany to the King of Prussia. The King refused, because as a king by right divine he would not accept a crown at the hands of his people.

Until the *Annus Mirabilis* of 1848, the temporal and spiritual forces, the blunders of France, the progress of science, the revival of industry, the propaganda of poetry and literature—all were working for a united Germany, if not on a centralized Prussian basis, at least on a federal basis. Time and the gods were on the side of the Fatherland. Irresistibly and peacefully a consolidated and greater Germany was being established.

That irresistible, peaceful evolution of Germany was interrupted by one of those mysterious accidents which often deflect the natural course of events, the emergence of a titanic personality, the policy of blood and iron identified with the genius of Bismarck. The majority of Germany still believe in the legend of the Great Chancellor. They regard him as the master-builder of German unity. They assume that he solved with the sword an insoluble problem which had hitherto baffled German statesmanship. Posterity will take a different view. Personally I feel convinced that Bismarck was not a builder, but a destroyer, not a conservative, but a revolutionary statesman. To attribute to him the unification of Germany is an interesting illustration of the historical fallacy, *Post hoc, propter hoc.* It is quite true that the unification followed the war with Austria and France, even as the consolidation of the United States followed the war of secession. But neither was the unification of Germany the result of Sadowa and Sedan, nor was the consolidation of the United States the result of the victory of the Northern States.

It is always difficult to re-write history on the assumption that the things which happened might have happened differently. But it is certain that, even without Bismarck, the expansion of trade and industry would have welded Germany into a mighty economic power. It is equally certain that, even without Bismarck, the agency of German education and the progress of German science would have created a German national consciousness. The policy of blood and iron may have hastened the establishment of an artificial unity, but precisely because it was artificial and built on an insecure foundation, it did not last. Indeed, it probably retarded the organic and lasting consolidation of economic, moral

and social forces, which in the end would have recreated a united Germany, if not on a centralized Prussian basis, then on the safer and more lasting foundation of a federation of Free German States.

A vast historical literature exists in Germany on the life, personality, and achievements of Bismarck. But it is clear that his contemporaries were scarcely qualified to form a just estimate of his work. For the policy of a statesman must be judged by results, and these do not generally reveal themselves until long after he has vanished from the scene. This is certainly true of Bismarck. The war unfolded many consequences of his policy which were not even remotely suspected by the generation that knew him and that reluctantly followed his leadership.

But, apart from the sinister revelations of the war, a detached view of contemporary German history convinces me that Bismarck's contemporaries were entirely wrong in their estimate. Such was the glamour of his personality and his victories that he was supposed to have been successful in all his undertakings. But even in his lifetime such an assumption could have been proved to be absolutely erroneous, and an impartial observer could have concluded that his political career had been a succession of tragic failures. If we are to believe Moritz Busch, he seems to have had a melancholy foreboding of the fragility of the structure which he had cemented with the blood of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men.

1. He failed in his foreign policy. The leading motive of his policy was an understanding with Russia; for that he was willing to pay the price of Constantinople. So convinced was he of the value of the Russian understanding that even after he had sacrificed the Russian alliance to the Austrian, he tried desperately to make a treaty of counter-assurance with his old Russian ally.

He never believed in Balkanic or any other Oriental adventures. He declared that Bulgaria was not worth the loss of one Pomeranian soldier. Yet he was compelled, and Germany after him, by the Austrian alliance to follow the Habsburg Monarchy in a policy which eventually brought about European war.

2. Bismarck failed in his colonial policy, or, rather, he failed to see the possibility of any such thing. He was the arbiter of Europe at the very moment when Africa was being partitioned amongst the Powers. In that partition Germany might have had her share for the asking. But Bismarck, like the "Little Englanders," did not believe in colonization. In his view Germany's future was on the Continent of Europe. He thus lost an opportunity which was never to recur.

3. But it was especially his internal policy which was a complete and unqualified failure. He established a hybrid constitution devised to suit his own immediate ends, a mixture of despotism and demagogy, a military monarchy on the basis of universal suffrage after the Napoleonic model. As long as he was at the helm he was more or less able to control the Reichstag. Under his successors the constitution refused to work, and made for instability and incoherence in an aggravated form. It was the very impossibility of extricating the country from its internal difficulties which compelled Von Bulow and Bethmann-Hollweg to seek a diversion in an adventurous and incoherent foreign policy which led to the war.

4. Acting against his better judgment and surrendering to the pressure of the militarist party, Bismarck agreed to annex Alsace-Lorraine. In Alsace the Germans held all the trump cards: community of race and language, the support of religious and economic interests. These interests could have been enlisted on the side of Germany and might have made the task of assimilation easy. But an insane policy of bullying and provocation frustrated all hope of a settlement and was another contributory cause of the great war.

5. The new German constitution and the concession of universal suffrage called into being the Social Democratic Party. Bismarck's brutal policy rallied round that Socialist Party all the discontented. When the Labour Party had become too strong, instead of countering it by organizing and combining the Liberal, Conservative, and Catholic forces, he issued against his opponents drastic, repressive, punitive laws. Even the Kaiser

refused to follow him in his measures of repression, and the Iron Chancellor was ignominiously dismissed.

6. The greatest blunder of Bismarck's domestic policy was his campaign against the Roman Catholic Church. He might have conciliated the Catholics and used them both to pacify the Alsatians and to counter the Socialists, for the support of the Catholic Party was a tremendous asset. Instead, Bismarck declared war against the most powerful conservative force in the Empire; he imprisoned cardinals and bishops, priests and nuns; but the priests and nuns proved stronger than their persecutor. Bismarck had to repudiate his policy and go to Canossa.

7. Bismarck's Polish policy ended as disastrously as his Catholic, Socialist, and Alsatian policy. He declared war on the Polish peasants in Posnania and Silesia. Here again after years of persecution he had to beat an ignominious retreat.

Whichever way we turn in his career, the word failure is writ large on his every achievement. He undermined where he ought to have been building, he antagonized where he ought to have conciliated; he systematically underrated the moral and spiritual forces which were opposed to him. He belonged to a bygone age. He did not understand the spirit of his generation. He was a solitary titanic figure, a revolutionary personality, destroying ruthlessly the opponents who crossed his path. He challenged the public opinion of the hostile world and let loose forces over which he had no control. He laid the train which was to explode in the catastrophe of 1914, and thus helped to destroy the very structure it had seemed his mission to erect. Today once more many German patriots are clamouring for the Superman who, acting in the spirit and following in the methods of Bismarck, shall rescue the nation from its present distracted condition and restore them to the position of supremacy they have forfeited. May Providence save the German people and the people of Europe from a reincarnation of the Man of Blood and Iron, and may a united, sobered, and chastened Germany arise on the ruins of the old, so that she may achieve by peaceful means the position which belongs to her in the community of nations.

Reservation and Public Opinion

By The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman

(*Chaplain of the Savoy*)

One of the many lessons which I learned from my old Professor, Dr. Lindsay, was that our Christian faith is really the story of revivals. With his unequalled knowledge and his various learning he was fond of insisting on that. Our Christian faith, he would say, has not come down the centuries like a steady, expanding river. There have been times of deadness, seasons of inertia, long ages of a weary formalism. And then always at the appointed hour has come the opening of heaven's windows and *an awakening to lost simplicities*.—GEORGE H. MORRISON.

THE article in the April number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW by Sir Thomas Inskip on "The Prayer Book and Reservation" describes so tersely and lucidly the opinion of every *bona fide* Anglican that it would seem unnecessary to pursue the subject. My object, at the risk of pleonasm, is to speak of it from possibly a larger and more subjective point of view. This has seldom been faced in the most regrettable discussions which, for the last few months, have occupied the Press, causing general pain to the religious community, and leading to the inevitable breach which must ensue if they are carried to their logical conclusion. It is grossly unfair to accuse of disloyalty to the Church of England those whose conscience forbids their acceding to the demands of a minority who, through their repeated lawlessness to its spirit and to their own ordination vows, have acquired a fictitious authority alien to the genius of the country. The agitation would appear very much on a par with the women's movement, which by persistent breaking of the law succeeded in bringing about a state of affairs productive already of a grave reaction in favour of modes and morals apparently beyond restoration.

This pernicious attempt to Romanize our National Church by peaceful penetration is largely accounted for by the ecclesiastical channels through which the project has been engineered. With this the ordinary Englishman has had nothing whatever to do. It is not surprising that a deep mistrust has been created of those clergy who aim at restoring the priestly class, with the result that, apart from economic causes, our Church is rapidly becoming denuded of educated ordinands, to the loss of social influence, save through jugglery which is Nehushtan to the British temperament, and is slowly emptying our churches through lack of simplicity and spirituality. It is bad enough in towns, where there is diversity of selection, but in country parishes it produces the very dissent

which the Catholic party specially affect to deprecate and regard as a deadly sin. Paradoxically these specious enemies of discipline play no small part in adding to numberless fancy religions due to "choice," or self-determination, and are becoming excuses for defiance of both obedience and patriotism. Also they appear to forget that their churches are no personal possession, but are entrusted to them on legal conditions, involving not only their honesty, but their honour. The Pope, towards whom they virtually pay more respect than to their own Archbishop, or to the Throne, has no longer the smallest jurisdiction in this country, and the sooner this is remembered the better.

We are perfectly aware that in an objective age many devout minds are apt to oscillate between the worship of a Book or a Piece of Bread, both instances of materialism, but the whole essence of the Church of England is that it is instinct with reverence for both the Sacrament and the Bible, without treating either as a fetish. My strong conviction is that, if the decision rested fairly and squarely with the average man, he would reject with no uncertain voice both these extremes, and declare by an overwhelming majority in favour of the mean bought by the blood of his ancestors at no small price, and ratified by commonsense. Some years ago I passed a month's retreat at a Dominican Monastery abroad, and the prior, an earnest and converted man, on bidding me an affectionate farewell, stated that the whole difference between us lay in the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. With this fact I entirely agreed, and was greatly edified by the piety of my hosts. With one remark of his, however, I was at variance, that in the case of a closed letter he would be justified in opening it for the Glory of God, though it might be prudent to seal it down again. I also recall the same conclusion about the Sacrament arrived at by two cardinals for whom personally I shall always feel a profound love and gratitude, though on this point I was diametrically opposed to them. They both impressed me with the fact that, as private individuals, they seriously doubted the efficacy of this cult of the Altar on the nations, as a whole, to which they belonged, compared to the direct revelation of Christ through the Holy Spirit, especially among men. Both evidently regretted, without expressed admission, the falling off in "religious duties" of the vast majority of

those who had begun to think for themselves. They were both hostile to a free and open Bible amongst the people, on the plea that its tendency was to produce a dangerous freedom, and a settlement of their own affairs between the creature and the Creator, but in reality because involving the disruption or reformation of their Church. The outrageous clause by which a Protestant, under sexual stress, signs away the faith of his potential offspring causes one to blush, though whether more for the system or the individual concerned it is difficult to say. I cannot forbear adding a postscript as to one of the cardinals, who unintentionally did much to qualify any power which he had with me in other respects. When I asked him how he regarded the admixture of blasphemy and stupidity in the detail of the liquefaction of the blood of Januarius at Naples, his reply was that the Catholic Church held it to be a principle that anything which called forth the devotional feeling of the ignorant was recognized as admissible.

How our own bishops can play with fire under the extremely thin subterfuge of reservation for the sick passes my intelligence. But what astonishes me most of all is that, under the subtle influence of casuistry, they should trifle with the liberty in Christ Jesus by which the Anglo-Saxon race has been favoured of God. A radical cure for this insensate folly would surely result from a study of "Ethics in Latin Countries." If the aim of the Anglo-Catholic is to reintroduce such ways into the British Empire, well and good, but either he cannot have travelled much, save over the surface of the globe, or else he is strangely deficient in psychology. Without for a moment indulging in the hypocrisy and self-satisfaction incidental to the Englishman, I was lately impressed by a general, who stated that what in his belief saw us through the late war was a certain seriousness of conscience, however vague, which made all the difference between our soldiers and those of other nations. This was emphasized by the Bishop of London in his visits to the various fronts, when he traced the morals of our Tommies to their home training and the teaching in their Sunday schools, both distinctly on the wane.

Writing as one who has passed through many mental phases, is the enemy of bigotry, and has returned with profound gratitude to the influence of his early years, I would earnestly implore the advocates of reservation in

any form to think furiously, and either to come out in the open for the "Mass," which, I grant, has been for centuries at the back of many a saintly life, or else not to make confusion worse confounded, and break up the National Church which we love as we do the flag, for which there is no price too heavy to pay. A large number of my intimate friends, however moved they may have been to prefer ornate and reverently conducted forms of worship, are becoming gravely concerned at the abuse of their self-indulgence in taste, with which any refined type must sympathize. They are beginning, however, to feel, with the Dean of St. Paul's, that what is required to save the land is by no means a bogus appeal to magic, but what might be described as a Puritan Revival, without iconoclasm, or neglect to offer the best and most perfect to God.

By all means let us have improvements or additions up-to-date, subject to the decision of public opinion, after the long and careful consideration of bishops who are presumably learned and pious men, but without any superstitious folly attached to their office, or to titles which displease the holiest of them and irritate a democratic age. In this all sensible well-wishers of their country are agreed, while the door of union with the Free Churches would be no longer a nominal opening, and a great consensus of opinion, both in England and America, might go far to help the world. But—and here is the real point of the whole controversy—hands off that sacred Remembrance of Christ's great Love, which is, and always will be, a constant inspiration to the imitation of our Lord, without idolatry, as expressed in those cryptic words: "This do (namely, break your own body and shed your own blood) in remembrance of Me, and thus show forth My Death till I come."

Three reminders would not be out of place at the present crisis: (1) The prevalence of a false charity and the increased intercourse which obtains in the world have a tendency to encourage the danger of a polite carelessness to which we are all prone. Probably masses of thoughtful men have thus seen fit to be silent, but the time has, I believe, now arrived to adopt either the Catholic or the Protestant position, however distasteful a definite stand may be to the cultured man of the world. Both parties should be credited with the advance

of the Kingdom of God as their object, but how is it best to be effected? The gauntlet has been thrown down. There is a serious call for all who care in the least for their country to take it up, without further conversations on the part of hesitants with those to whom they are absolutely opposed in essentials. The sole result, as the latter know perfectly well, is to add to their numbers on account of their monstrous claim to be the repository of absolute truth, and to bring the Church of England into contempt.

(2) The worship of the rising sun, which is by no means a new deity, for some cause or other is affecting our leaders in the Church to no small extent. Bishops who made their name and owe everything to previous Evangelicalism are suddenly discovering that a combination of semi-Catholicism and Socialistic leanings may achieve a future success, as in tune with the times. Whether that sun, as many of us believe, will be tinged with red, does not appear to disturb those who think numerically and naturally appeal to the younger generation, which is attracted by mystery and display. If this course of proceeding seems to them compatible with dignity and self-respect, there is nothing more to be said, but popularity is a cheap and fickle mistress compared to the gifts of a good conscience and integrity of purpose.

(3) Protestants, who rightly oppose the doctrine of merit, must be careful lest with it they overthrow the doctrine of personal self-sacrifice. We all know the story of the visitor to the Vatican who, having lost his faith, and being unimpressed by the treasures displayed, was restored thereto by the sight of the instruments of torture by which its splendid missionaries had been slain. The Protestant, with his unfortunately negative slogan, is largely forgetting this, save in that same sphere where he, too, is allied with martyrs in the shedding of his blood and in daily dying. By far the strongest influence among Ritualists in the slums is the band of men and women who, forgoing every luxury, attract, and rightly so, those who witness their complete abnegation of self. If loyal churchmen—this does not apply to many fine exceptions—besides accepting the free benefits of the Cross of Christ, would in future take up their own cross, the straightforwardness and cleanness of their creed would do the rest.

Notes from Paris

M. Doumergue's Visit.—It is really a piece of good fortune that President Doumergue's visit had to be postponed from last year to this. If, as must be supposed, its object was to revive good feeling between the two nations and strengthen their political friendship, it could not have been more happily timed. Last month's notes showed how the improvement in France's financial position had aided the growth of kindlier feelings towards Great Britain than had been entertained by the French people for some time past. The cheers of the London crowd and the cordial toasts at Buckingham Palace and the Guildhall have brought these feelings to the surface, and have given the Entente Cordiale more real meaning than it has had for at least five years.

The French now look forward to seeing a closer political co-operation between the two Governments develop in this favourable atmosphere. It was pointed out before the visit that, although both countries relied on the Entente to preserve peace in Europe, it did not prevent very obvious differences of opinion arising between them on questions where their interests were similar, if not identical. The questions chiefly cited were those of disarmament, China, and Soviet Russia. It would certainly increase the effectiveness of the Entente if the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay could work out between them a basis for approaching the problem of disarmament on which they could agree in public. It is discouraging to the faithful to see Lord Robert Cecil and M. Paul-Boncour appearing at Geneva as the champions of rival schools of thought, however friendly their sparring may be. In China force of circumstances seems to be bringing the interests of the two countries into harmony, but France still finds it hard to follow the rapid evolution of British policy as revealed in its successive changes of front to Hankow, Peking, and Nankin.

Communism and the Soviets.—To the more conservative section of Frenchmen the most promising point of contact between the French and British Governments appears to be their attitude towards Communism and the Soviet Government. The raid ordered by the Home Office on the premises of Arcos has been followed with deep interest in France. This

move appears on the surface to chime very well with the campaign against the seditious propaganda of the French Communists which M. Albert Sarraut launched in his speech at Algiers. Fundamentally, however, there is a good deal of difference in the French and British attitude both to the Communists and to Moscow.

Thorough Conservatives though they are at heart, the French remember that their republic had its origin in a revolution, and the mass of them still regard a Communist as less dangerous to the State than a Royalist. For this reason it is hard to believe that M. Sarraut, when he spoke at Algiers, really meant serious war on the Communists. Electioneering considerations provide a more likely explanation of his attack. General elections take place next year, and the Government needs a Chamber which will continue to support the present *Union Nationale*. The *Union Nationale* comprises all parties except the Socialists and the Communists. There is only one possible rival to it, and that would be a loose combination of all the parties of the Left, Radicals, Socialist Republicans, Socialists, and Communists. There are people working hard to bring about this sort of *Cartel des Gauches*. It may be guessed that the real object of M. Sarraut's attack on the Communists was to prevent this by discrediting them with the working-classes and isolating them as a party. We shall begin to believe in M. Sarraut's threats when we see some of the leaders of the Communist party serving time. They have been sentenced often enough, but somehow none of them has ever gone to gaol.

In dealing with the Soviets themselves the French Government has a particular problem which it cannot afford to overlook. It is that of the Russian bonds. The French peasant and *petit bourgeois* has lent heavily to Russia, and would not easily forgive a Government which threw over the only remaining hope of repayment. This places the Quai d'Orsay in quite a different position from our Foreign Office in considering a break with Moscow, and that one question governs the whole problem of relations with Russia.

The Theatre Crisis.—The worst that was prophesied of the Paris theatre two or three years ago seems to be coming to pass. It is succumbing to the cinema and the

music-hall. A dozen or more theatres are to let in Paris at the moment, while fresh picture-palaces are opened from month to month, and the music-halls draw crowds to shows which are more and more lavishly mounted. The old boulevard theatre is, indeed, in a lamentable state of decay. We get at regular intervals a mild and polished satire on modern French society from MM. Robert de Flers and François de Croisset, or a clever problem play from M. Henri Bernstein. For the rest the playwrights have of late been devoting themselves mainly to experiments in subjects which are not ordinarily considered suitable for public discussion. Worthless trifles appear on the boards for a week or so, and then disappear almost before one has had time to take note of their worthlessness. It is a pity, for the standard of French acting has never been higher.

Happily there is a promise of something better in the little theatres such as the Théâtre de l'Atelier, the Maison de l'Oeuvre, and the Studio des Champs Elysées, where a number of men and women with ideas are trying with materials, old and new, to produce a new style of drama. These pioneers openly glory in the defeat of the old bedroom farce and the eternal triangle type of play at the hands of the cinema, because they believe that it clears the way for something more vivid, appealing, and in touch with life. *Maya*, which has been running for some time at the Studio des Champs Elysées, is an example of the work they are turning out. The whole action takes place in the room of a prostitute of the lowest sort. The details are necessarily sordid, but they are handled with a spirituality which represents something new in French dramatic art. A series of short scenes shading into one another is used to show, in this one specimen of the sex, everything that woman means to man—lover and mother, playmate and nurse, lure and solace—until in Bella, the prostitute, the spectator is gradually made to see Maya, the author's mystic conception of universal womanhood. It is a powerful piece, in which the effects are obtained without too much straining. If the new drama were to stop short at plays like this, it would be appalling, but considered as sincere attempts to find new forms of expression, they are very interesting.

Can the Soviet System Evolve?

By A. de Goulevitch

DESPITE recent events in China and elsewhere, the belief in the gradual evolution of the Soviet regime in the direction of capitalism continues to have numerous defenders among Western intellectuals. It was encouraged by the victory of the Staline group over the Trotsky-Zinovieff-Kameneff Party, and by news of the various political and economic measures which this group intended to put into execution. There was to be a change in the Soviets' attitude towards the peasants, a reorganization of foreign trade, a reduction of propagandist activity, and so forth. The news was exaggerated, and has in part been denied, but the question remains whether the guiding principles of the Soviet regime are changing or can change. Will the Red dictators renounce their dictatorship sooner or later? Will the Internationalists finally abandon their attempts at a world revolution? Will the Bolsheviks surrender by degrees their hold of the instruments of production? It may be worth while to examine these aspects of the Russian problem from the standpoint, first of politics, and then of economics, though the obvious interdependence of the two in Russia must not be forgotten.

Any real evolution of the Bolshevik regime is impossible unless the dictatorship is abandoned. "The dictatorship of the proletariat," writes Staline, "is opposed to democracy, that is to say, to the equality of all citizens." If there is a justice in the Soviet State, it is a "class justice." Lenin proclaimed that "all is moral that is useful to Communism, all is immoral that is injurious to Communism." There are elections in Russia, but they are class elections in which only certain categories of citizens can take part. They are entirely vitiated by the Communist monopoly of party politics.

Such are the essentials of the political regime. But if and when the Soviets transform their foreign and economic policies, will they not be able similarly to transform their political system—to abandon the dictatorship? The answer is No, if only because the social experiment which has been thrust upon a great people

at the cost of more than twenty-five million lives through famine, civil war, pestilence, stifling of the birth-rate, and political assassinations will not be forgotten easily. The victims of the Tcheka, estimated by those responsible at two million persons, will suffice some day or other to raise up thousands of avenging hands. These hands have been powerless so far simply by reason of the system of universal espionage, but what if it were abolished? Even if the Communist leaders were ready and willing to turn their backs on the past and establish a new regime, their own personal security would still demand a continuance of the Terror and Dictatorship. And the Tcheka itself compels the leaders to remain dictators because of fear for its own safety at the hands of an avenging people.

But in any case the dictators have no idea of transforming their foreign or economic policies. To consider the former question first. In November 1926, after the victory of the "moderate" Staline, the congress of the Communist Party adopted a motion which began thus: "The party considers that our revolution is a Socialist revolution, that it not only constitutes the point of departure for the Socialist revolution in the Occident, but also furnishes the basis for the development of the world revolution." Then follows a lengthy criticism of the tactics of Trotsky, who urges speed, and a defence of those of Staline, who urges temporization. To pretend that it is a spirit of proselytism that spurs the Communist Party to foment the world revolution is an error. The instinct of self-preservation is the key to their conduct.

Lenin himself was convinced that the "dictatorship of the proletariat" could not be maintained for long unless the social revolution spread to other countries. A Communist oasis in a capitalist desert was bound to disappear sooner or later. Speaking after the proclamation of the Nep, Lenin said that the collaboration of the Soviet power with the peasants was a makeshift, and that if the world revolution delayed too long the collaboration would cease and the Soviets perish. Thus it is that despite the disastrous economic situation the money that is available goes first to fomenting the world revolution.

The present Bolshevist leaders are quite conscious of

the inevitable antagonism between the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and the "bourgeois" civilizations, and they could not bring about a reconciliation even if they desired it. Their power rests on the Russian and foreign Communist parties. To maintain it they have been careful to mould after their own pattern the choice elements of the Red army, the so-called Konsomol and the Red Pioneers who number nearly four million youths in Russia and abroad, and who are imbued with the spirit of class hatred and the most extreme of the Marxist precepts. Evolution would mean the loss of the existing foundation of their power, the Communist parties, and its promise of continuation in the Red Pioneers.

But listen to a definition of the Soviet foreign policy as given by Rykoff, actually president of the Council of Commissaires of the People: "While the bourgeois countries can conclude long and lasting alliances, we, on the other hand, can speak only of a truce whereby the inevitable battle between Socialism and Capitalism is merely postponed." And here is the résumé of the instructions adopted by the Komintern for its policy in 1927, as published by the *Pravda* on December 18 last: "The actual stability of capitalism is compromised by the existence of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and by the enfeeblement of British capitalism, the development of the class struggle in England, and the national Chinese revolution. The present period separates the two great revolutions."

Such statements are not merely so much rhetoric for internal consumption. They are made regularly by the men in power and accord with their activities in Russia and abroad. Petty concessions to the capitalist world have no significance. The victory of one or other wing of the party in Russia—and the struggle there is far from terminated—has no significance. The two wings have the same aim—that of continuing to milk Russia and, if possible, to find abroad the resources necessary for maintenance of the Red dictatorship and the development of the world revolution.

But what of the possibility of economic evolution? Here again it is the same story. In order to maintain itself the Soviet regime must have not only the Red

army and the Tcheka, but control of the means of existence of the population. Industry, transport, and foreign trade have always been declared by the Bolshevist leaders to be "the strategic heights of the dictatorship of the proletariat," heights whose seizure is indispensable and whose abandonment would be fatal. Thus the regime must find at all costs the resources necessary for the support of its nationalized economy. But that economy is a defiance of common sense.

A prominent foreign financier, who knows Russia through and through, told the writer upon his return from a recent journey of investigation there that the problem was above all a problem of prices. It is a problem of the struggle between the peasant and the Communist. In order to cover the exceedingly high costs of industrial production it is indispensable to sell the products at extremely high prices. But the consumer is the peasant, and he is compelled to sell his agricultural products at extremely low prices in order to support the nationalized industry.

Light is thrown on present conditions by the president of the Superior Economic Council of the U.S.S.R. He published on November 17 last, in the *Industrial Gazette* of Moscow, five *communiqués* which constituted a damning indictment of the existing management of the State industries. From these it would appear that the management has not the necessary independence, and can never have it; that the workers treat the technicians with contempt, and since they are not chosen on their merits, this is natural; that there is nobody to direct output; that there are incessant changes in the directing and managing personnel; that bureaucratic methods abound everywhere, so that, before anything needed in a factory can be obtained, an enormous mass of red tape has to be unwound; that the spoils system prevails in all appointments; and that the members of the Superior Council themselves are generally in complete ignorance of what is going on in the industrial establishments where they never set foot.

But the question of control and management apart, industrial Russia suffers, of course, from an appalling lack of proper equipment. The Soviet economic experts

estimate at a milliard gold roubles the cost of merely the indispensable and urgent renewals and improvements of plant. It was the burning topic of discussion at the sixteenth Communist Party Congress. The Opposition argued that if two milliards have to be found the collapse of the Soviet edifice must be near, and pointed to the growing hostility of the proletariat. Zinovieff calculated that the money could be found in the pockets of the unfortunate "Nepmen" or Soviet merchants, but, above all, of the wealthier peasants ("Koulakis"), whereto Staline replied that, if more pressure were exercised on the peasants, catastrophe would quickly follow.

If the economic *status quo* could be maintained, the peasants might be able to support for some time longer the already high prices of manufactured articles. But it cannot be. As plant continues to deteriorate, prices must rise higher. The peasant replies by restricting his offer of agricultural produce, and even by reducing output. The lack of farm implements has reached catastrophic proportions everywhere, so that production decreases, whether the peasant wishes it or not. According to the Moscow *Economic Review*, the deliveries by the State in the past ten years covered only a tenth of the requirements. Nine years after the distribution of the land 38 per cent. of the farms are without a single beast of burden. Soviet statistics show that, whereas in 1913 58·1 per cent. of the national income went to agriculture, and 23·4 per cent. to industry, in 1926–27 industry accounted for 51·7 per cent., and agriculture for 25·7 per cent. Half a million famished peasants pour into the cities each year to swell the army of two millions of unemployed in the Republic. The above-mentioned Koulakis, who are only 14 per cent. of the rural population, but supply half the surplus harvest for internal consumption and export, are the most bitter enemies of the Red dictators, and it is they who encourage the Koustaris, who are the small rural industrialists. They openly refuse to pay taxes or sell wheat, and they are beginning to exercise armed resistance to the Communist authorities. Kameneff at a conference of the Communist Party let slip the remark that, even if there is a good harvest, the difficulties will not be decreased.

As for the foreign trade monopoly, suffice it to note that not only is there an unfavourable balance, but that the export trade is run at a loss. This is particularly true of cereals. And it is the peasant upon whom the Communists seek once again to lay the cost. Indeed, the weight which is being laid upon him seems destined to increase until it becomes unbearable. There we have the tragedy of modern Russia, and at the same time the pledge of liberation. For the peasants are becoming more and more conscious of their power, and are opposing their oppressors with increasing tenacity. Witness their refusal to sell their wheat to the Communists last year, and the frequent murders of tax-collectors and other Soviet agents in the country districts. It was Rykoff who, in a recent address, referred to the "wind of panic" which has been making the Communists tremble. The peasant is now on the defensive, but there are signs that he is preparing for the offensive. In spite of the vast system of Government espionage various secret anti-Soviet organizations are developing fast.

While the Soviets are organically incapable of evolution, then, the country itself is evolving towards emancipation from their clutches. For Communism it is indispensable that industry, transport, and foreign trade should be nationalized. Its existence depends upon it. The Communists will continue to hold "the strategic heights" of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" until they are driven from them by force. The politico-economic concessions which they are compelled to make now in one direction and now in the other, now to bourgeois principles, and now to the pure doctrine of Marx, are nothing more than expedients for prolonging the inevitable process of catastrophe, while they reveal the extent of the difficulties into which Communism has fallen. And all the while the logic of events is working towards the downfall of the Soviet regime through the agency of the rural population. Who can doubt the choice that Russia will finally make between the interests of peasant and Communist, people and party, nation and Internationale?

Palestine: Strategic and Political

By Kenneth Williams

EVERY day and, it may also be said, in almost every way Palestine is ceasing to be that journalist's paradise which, owing to the indiscretions either of Arabs or of Jews, it once threatened to become, or promised to be. The present task of the sensation-hunter in the Holy Land is indeed difficult. On the economic and the archæological aspects and developments of the Holy Land there is, admittedly, much to write about. For instance, the Zionist colonists have of late experienced an extremely distressing time, so much so that emigration recently exceeded immigration; and alike in Palestine and in Transjordan very important archæological discoveries are continually being made. It is not, however, of these two sides that I would write here: if the financial aspect of the Zionist problem were being discussed, indeed, it might not be possible to paint so comforting a picture. There are, despite the recent passing by Parliament of the Palestine Loan for £4,500,000, two ways of looking at the financial side of Palestine.

But it is beyond question that politically, at any rate, Palestine has in the last year or two become so dull as to make events therein seem to the intimate and daily observer almost trivial. Yet this very eventlessness contains certain lessons to the student of the East who does not always think in terms of political values. Now that the mists of political passion which came billowing up on the storm of controversy about Great Britain's pledges to the Zionists and her attempt to fulfil them in defiance of Arab wishes are, to say the least, less dense than they have been at any time since the Armistice, the real, or rather, the main reason for British insistence upon the ordering of the Holy Land is becoming more easily apparent. As every one knows, the political reasons for Britain's presence now in Palestine are three: first, her pledges, made during the Great War, to the Arabs to redeem Syria from Turkish misgovernance; secondly, her agreement with France over the future of Anglo-French influence in Western Asia; and thirdly, her pledges during the War to the Zionists that the Jews should be allowed in Palestine a National Home, the establishment of which, however, was in no way to

impinge upon Arab rights in that country. How Great Britain has endeavoured to plane down and to dovetail these three peculiar policies; how the administration of her mandate in Palestine may be contrasted with that of France in Syria; how the intrusion of a largely Eastern European element into an Arab country has affected the general position of Britain *vis-à-vis* the Arab world—these are questions which may be variously answered, and to which, indeed, there is more than one sane answer. Upon the irreconcilability of the respective promises to the Arabs and to the Jews much has been and will be written; for unreserved defence of any one of them is apt even now to cause surging passion among disputants. But whether the greatest importance is attached to British arrangements with the French, or with the Arabs, or with the Jews, is a matter that has now become, at any rate for realists, of academic interest only; for Great Britain has now an all-important reason for remaining at least in an advisory capacity in Palestine: I mean the strategic reason.

What she is doing in the Holy Land to justify her strategic preoccupation in the country, whether she has a definite policy, with a definite goal, or whether she is still, as she was in the regime of Sir Herbert Samuel, but groping after a workable policy, if such could be found—these are problems of which I will defer discussion. Here I wish to concentrate upon the strategic aspect of the Palestine mandate, with which, of course, that of Transjordan must be included.

Upon the disruption of that part of the Ottoman Empire which lay along the shores of the Southern Mediterranean, it became apparent that the burden, or the privilege (so much depends on the point of view), of controlling the land on either side of the Suez Canal would fall upon the well-loaded, but broad and not unready, shoulders of Great Britain. It was impossible in the circumstances that the British Empire should continue to be to the East what for a generation it had been—a static Power. Expansion, direct or indirect, was inevitable. Security for those old but, to us, new lands, that had been severed from the Ottoman polity, had to be provided. Hence our interest in Iraq's northern frontier; hence our even intenser concern in the future of Egypt; and hence our continuance in the

seemingly disheartening task of reconciling Arab and Jew in the Holy Land. Moreover, control over those countries lying on the air route to the East seemed essential.

Of the Egyptian side of the Suez Canal I will only say here that it is likely to produce more difficulties for Great Britain than will come from the Eastern bank. It has not yet been considered feasible—although it would be patently absurd to treat this matter as being one merely of Imperial interest—to guard the Canal only with forces stationed on its banks; but possibly, and again on the Egyptian side, that may eventually be done. At present, however, control of the Canal's banks is extended to many miles inland. That is one of the reasons why it would seem probable that British High Commissioners in Cairo and in Jerusalem will be chosen from men whose sense of Imperial strategy is one of their first qualifications. It will increasingly be found that, if Lord Plumer possesses many qualities other than those common to the soldier, Lord Lloyd equally possesses many qualities other than those common to the diplomatist.

Recent developments have made it quite clear that if, to guard the Canal, you have to go to Palestine, equally to guard Palestine you have to go outside it. Palestine is virtually guarded by two buffer States: Syria, which stands between the British mandated State of Palestine and the Turk; and Transjordan, which stands between Palestine and the desert. This is no place to discuss the administration of the Syrian mandated territory—there has already been sufficient short-sighted and unjust criticism of French conduct to make those anxious who see in Anglo-French co-operation in Western Asia the only prospect of ultimate success in this part of the world; but it should surely be patent now, even to the obtusest and most junior Francophobe, that, without a French Syria, Palestine would be a most expensive mandate to hold. What is not so well understood, however, is that the essential defence of Palestine is also bound up with the existence of the Arab State of Transjordan—a political creation that might otherwise be hard to justify. Originally and to all intents Transjordan was given as a sop to the Amir Abdullah, but more and more its purpose is being seen as a bulwark to Palestine. In 1925, with the steadfast idea of maintaining the integrity

of Palestine against the immemorial raiders from the desert, Maan and Aqaba were "annexed" from the Hejaz (that at least is the general, although not the official, interpretation of this strategic move). This was done to checkmate the activities of the marauding Bedouin south and south-east of the Dead Sea, nominal Wahabis whose efforts to reach Amman are yet remembered, both by the Royal Air Force which beat them off in 1924 and by those of their number who were allowed to survive the venture. In short, Palestine will owe its safety from desert invasion to the R.A.F. at Amman and its landing-stage at Maan.

This complete reliance upon the air arm deserves a word to itself. There is in Palestine now not a single military unit of the garrison other than the R.A.F. Ramleh, Surafend, Amman, and Maan—these depots and landing-stages are the real warrants of Palestine's immunity from external attack. Surely the vision of Mr. Winston Churchill, who outlined the defence of the mandated territories by Air Force, has been most strikingly justified. Incidentally, it is not too early now to consider what will happen, not only in Iraq, but also to the whole Air Force scheme in the Middle East if, as has been proposed or, rather, hinted by the British Government, all British military forces are withdrawn from Iraq in 1928. Enough, however, for the moment of Palestine's strategic aspect, which is eminently satisfactory; let us turn to the political side.

Here, I think, less satisfaction is to be found. Granted at once that a notable change for the better has come over Palestine since Lord Plumer succeeded a Jewish High Commissioner who, for all his impartiality, could not but be judged by the Arabs by what he was rather than by what he did; granted that Zionist demands, at first made in an impossible tone of superiority and of arrogance, have with the weathering influence of time become sanely modified; and granted that the Arabs of Palestine have shown remarkable restraint compared with their more ebullient brothers across their northern frontier—it still remains sufficiently difficult to discern the processes by which Arab and Jew may be brought to work hand in hand in a country which is governed by a Power that denies to the main body of inhabitants what it has already conceded to the less advanced Arabs on the other

side of the Syrian desert. It is too late now, however, to attempt to bring Palestine, even ultimately, into an Arabian Confederation of States; for Palestine is, and must apparently always be, *per se*. Meanwhile, there is little to do but to grope intelligently in the depressing but happily not dangerous dark; and perchance, as is occasionally the British way, someone may stumble against a workable policy.

The situation, as I see it, is not too happy. I do not mean that such discontent exists as breeds revolutions, for, as I hinted at the beginning of this article, it is highly improbable that any violent manifestations of political feeling will again be witnessed in the Holy Land under the British mandate. Small outbursts of local temper, however, there may well be, for the fear of the Jew is still at the back of the Arab mind. Indeed, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Jew, if he be allowed to immigrate in great numbers (over 30,000 Jews were admitted to Palestine in 1925) must, by reason of his better-trained intelligence, dominate the land culturally and intellectually. Nor is the Arab wholly satisfied that a Jewish National Home in which the Jews shall be, not a minority, but a majority, is not the ultimate—even if unavowed—aim of Zionists. But that period has not yet arrived, and in the meantime what do we see? Scores of Zionist colonies still dependent on outside charities for their upkeep; a slight check in the moneys and in the arrival of immigrants from Poland, and important bankruptcies and widespread unemployment are the result, with an apparently increasing tendency among financially depressed Zionists to criticize the actions of the British Administration. These things may not be much in themselves, but they signify several things. First, there is proof afforded of the fact that Zionist colonies will for some time depend on Jewish financial subsidies. The duration of these appears to depend on the skill with which Zionists who do not themselves wish to live in Palestine can persuade similar Jews that such residence is good for other Jews (this is a very large question, although I have heard an Arabophile gloomily declare that " Jews will always pay to keep their undesirables from their own doors "). Next, there is proof of the fact that Zionists in Palestine on occasions pursue the same business methods, when they have the

opportunity, as do Jews in every cosmopolitan town—speculation on the possible fortunes or misfortunes of their brethren (it was in considerable part ill-advised speculation that brought about the recent crisis in Tel-Aviv). And lastly, there is proof that the old fanatical spirit of the land-loving Arab peasant is not wholly extinct even under Lord Plumer's very just and well-directed rule.

Here it is fit to insert a word in praise of the present Jerusalem Administration. It is said, and said with justice and truth, that the policy of Lord Plumer differs in no way from that pursued by Sir Herbert Samuel during the first five years of the Civil Administration. The British Government's policy has, in fact, changed not a whit. Nevertheless, it is indisputable that an important difference has come over the internal situation since Lord Plumer became High Commissioner, and a psychological change may be as vital in the circumstances as a practical change might be. The chance of Arab co-operation, which during the Samuel regime was always non-existent, is now becoming solider: those Arab "Peasant Parties," which shyly raised their heads in the last few years in favour of some sort of working agreement with the Jerusalem Government, appear to be now more powerful and more assertive than they could well be in the presence of a man who typified for them, in a way that Lord Plumer cannot, the hated Balfour Declaration. To the older, better-known class of Arab politician, who is nothing if not intractable, the High Commissioner has had occasion to speak in no uncertain terms. For that, however, these Arabs of the Moslem-Christian Association will like and respect him none the less. They, and their more realist and less conspicuous brothers know now, what they could not bring themselves to believe during the Samuel regime, that the British Government is determined to do its best to honour its pledges no less to the Jews than to the Arabs; that of this policy Lord Plumer is the most admirable and unimpressionable exponent; and finally, that ultimately it is the British imprint that will be the strongest upon this ancient land.

Already certain changes have shown the way in which things are slowly but surely developing. As a first example there is the disbandment of the gendarmerie, in itself a sign of the progressive sense of security existing in the country, and, incidentally, of the Palestine Govern-

ment's ability to pay for its own policing. Then there is the final signing (and the beginning of operations) of the huge concession to the Palestine Electric Corporation for the utilization of the waters of the Jordan and Yarmuk rivers. It is possible to lament the industrialization of the Holy Land, but, given the direction of the current, it is obviously best that such energies should benefit the whole of Palestine, not merely the Zionist section of it. Hitherto the activities of Rutenberg had been mainly confined to helping the inhabitants of towns like Tel-Aviv and Jaffa, but if this tremendous scheme of the using of the Jordan waters realizes expectation, the whole country should benefit profoundly.

In sum, it seems possible that in Palestine economic interests will prove stronger than political inclinations, just as racial ties there have proved stronger than religious ones. The present anxieties of the Zionist colonists are in all probability temporary, although they prove vividly at once the artificiality of the present scheme of colonization and the necessity to abolish for good and all any wild ideas of eventual Zionist numerical supremacy in the Holy Land. But even before the financial stress among the Jews had reached its climax, Arabs had held out tentatively the hand of co-operation with the Government, and it is improbable that the last has been heard of the suggestions they made last autumn to the Jerusalem Administration. A larger sense of responsibility will certainly be inculcated with the operation of the Municipal Franchise Ordinance; local self-government is bound to lead to fuller, more comprehensive conceptions. An eventual "Palestinian nationality" is, at any rate, not such a dream as it seemed but a few years ago. There are, indeed, but few political stones that cannot be worn away by the constant application of British impartiality, security, and order. The future of the Palestinian polity is admittedly vague, and, to those who would reach a definite goal in the Holy Land in a definite time, possibly disquieting; but for those who take the broadest view of Britain's pledges and the longest view of her capacity to fulfil them, the very indeterminateness of her present policy in Palestine is something that, in its seeming eventlessness, should breed not despair but hope.

A Fourteenth-Century Book Lover

By Charles H. Lea

ONE of the most interesting sidepaths of literature is that which is opened up by the problem of what were the "twenty bookës i-clad in blak and reede" which Chaucer's Oxford Scholar would rather have at his bed's head than rich robes and musical instruments. One of the books that the clerk would certainly have wished for was Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon," or "Love of Books."

Professor Skeat gave the probable date of the famous Canterbury Pilgrimage as 1387, and Dr. Koch placed it two years earlier; whichever is right, the fact remains that the "Love of Books" had been written and published on January 24, 1345. It follows that the Oxford clerk would have heard of it, even if he had not been fortunate enough to see it. If he had not seen it, it was his own fault, for, in his lifetime, Richard de Bury was always willing to welcome genuine lovers of books, and after his death his books were placed at the disposal of scholars in various monastic libraries.

The author is rarely so important as his work, and in this case the life of de Bury, although interesting to the historian, is not so to the student of literature. Beyond saying that he was loyal to Queen Isabella and the young Prince of Wales when Edward II sought to impose his will upon them, and that when the young prince became Edward III he did not forget Richard, nothing need be added about his rise from student to High Chancellor of England.

It is as a book lover that Richard de Bury is memorable. He was more than a book lover; he was a book worshipper; he sang of books as the poet sings of love, and the language which he used was almost euphuistic in its extravagance. Books, according to Richard, are "wells of living water"; "golden urns in which manna is laid up, or rather indeed honeycombs"; "the four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered"; "the golden vessels of the temple, the arms of the clerical militia, with which the missiles of the most wicked are destroyed, fruitful olives, vines of Engedi, fig trees knowing no sterility, burning lamps to be ever held in the hand."

One is not surprised to learn that he had more books than all the other English bishops put together, nor that

he had a separate library at each of his residences. There is, too, a modern touch in the complaint made by one of his friends, that so many books lay about his bed-chamber that it was difficult to stand or move without treading on them.

Appropriately enough, the prologue to the "Love of Books" contains a lament regarding the impeded studies of poor scholars. When one reads that certain students "with poverty only as their stepmother" are repelled from books when they have only had a sip of the nectar, and so become more thirsty by the taste, Chaucer's Oxford clerk leaps to the mind immediately. One hopes that his fate was better than that of many whom the good bishop knew, "who returned to the mechanical arts solely to gain a livelihood, to the loss of the Church and the degradation of the whole clergy."

In the prologue, too, Richard explained that his ecstatic love had carried him away so powerfully that he had resigned all thoughts of other worldly things, and had given himself up to a passion for acquiring books. His book was written, he said, to explain and justify his excess of zeal. His reasons were admirable and have lost none of their pith with the passing of six centuries. "In books," he cried, "I find the dead as if they are alive; in books I foresee things to come; in books warlike affairs are set forth; from books come forth the laws of peace." One of his great points was that truth—which triumphs over all things, even over kings, wine, and women—is preserved in perfection between the covers of books. Books, too, teach without punishment, never lose temper, never deride the struggling seeker after knowledge; and above all, "books delight us when prosperity smiles upon us; they comfort us inseparably when stormy fortune frowns on us."

Aristotle once explained why the ancients bestowed prizes for athletic skill but gave no reward to wisdom. The explanation was that in gymnastic contests the prize was greater than the thing which won it; but in exhibitions of wisdom, the prize could never equal the height of the mental power which had triumphed over all competitors. Richard argued from this, that in exactly the same manner books were more precious than riches—a statement with which Chaucer's clerk obviously agreed. And again, because we owe honour and affection to our

human teachers, so we owe honour and affection to those silent teachers, books; it seemed to Richard that "whoever claims to be zealous of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, or knowledge, aye, even of faith, must needs become a lover of books."

In the fourteenth century, as now, the question of the price of books agitated scholars. Richard declared that no dearness of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books, and those of us who hug the dreaded secret to our breasts that often we have spent our dinner-money at the little second-hand booksellers in the High Street, can breathe with relief, for we are in good company.

Richard repeated the story of the Sibylline oracles as a warning against those who refused to buy books when they had the opportunity, and also anathematized those clergymen who neglected books and learning. Apparently the clergy of those days, like the sporting parsons of the eighteenth century, turned their libraries into dens for their dogs; but possibly Richard went a little too far when he added remarks about "that biped beast whose cohabitation with the clergy was forbidden of old." His chief complaint against that "biped beast," woman, seems to have been that she sometimes spied a book lying in a corner covered with cobwebs and dust, and that she sought to convert it into money for "rich caps, sendal, and silk, and twice-dyed purple."

A love of books implies a care for their welfare, and in the "Philobiblon" much stress is laid upon the sufferings through which a neglected book passes. Not only do its limbs lie unstrung by palsy, but its native whiteness turns to a jaundiced tinge. A book was at the mercy of every copier, who could alter words to square with his own convictions and who could even affix his own name in the place of the real author. There were no copyright laws in the fourteenth century; neither was there any need for a translator to respect the text he was transcribing. Hence there was justification for the lament that "all propriety of speech is lost, and our sense is shamefully mutilated contrary to the meaning of the author."

This Carlyle of his day was eloquent in his denunciations of all kinds of book users, and book neglectors. The monks were scathingly rebuked for preferring to empty cups rather than to emend books, and for taking up the bow and quiver, embracing arms and the shield,

devoting alms to their dogs and not to the poor, and for becoming the slaves of dice and draughts. The mendicants were accused of using books, not as real aids to the saving of souls, but "for tickling the ears of the listeners"; war makers were condemned for being instrumental in destroying all the records of the wisdom of the ancients; and the students of the universities were reproached for treating books carelessly.

These students were so negligent of books that the good book lover devoted a whole chapter to their iniquities. His description of the typical scholar of his time makes amusing reading: "You may happen to see some headstrong youth lazily lounging over his studies, and when the winter's frost is sharp, his nose running from the nipping cold drips down, nor does he think of wiping it with his pocket handkerchief until he has bedewed the book before him with the ugly moisture." We can all echo the book lover's wish: "Would that he had before him no book, but a cobbler's apron!"

Further description of the scholar is: "His nails are stuffed with fetid filth as black as jet, with which he marks any passage that pleases him." The modern book vandal, turning down the corners of pages and wetting his finger to turn over a page, is virtuous compared with one who marked passages with a dirty thumbnail. In the bishop's time straw was cast on the floor in lieu of mats, and it appears that the ingenious scholar made it his habit to pick up these straws and use them as bookmarks. In addition he did not scruple to eat and drink over an open book, to the consequent ruin of whole pages; and when he argued, he damped "the book lying half open in his lap with sputtering showers." In hot weather the scholar used his wet and perspiring hands to turn over the leaves, and thumped the white vellum with his dusty gloves. "At the sting of the biting flea the sacred book is flung aside and is hardly shut for another month until it is so full of dust that it resists the effort to close it."

The schoolboy through the centuries has not altered, for then, as now, books were ornamented with grotesque figures, probably the beloved man swinging on a gibbet, or lying with a dagger through his heart. There is, too, a modern ring about the plea: "Nor let a crying child admire the pictures in the capital letters lest he soil the

parchment with wet fingers; for a child instantly touches whatever he sees." The dirty kitchen scullion was forbidden to handle the lily-white leaves of the parchment, and a sly dig was administered to the clergy in the sentence: "The cleanliness of decent hands would be of great benefit to books, as well as to scholars, if it were not that the itch and the pimples are characteristic of the clergy."

This early library formed by Richard de Bury demanded more alertness than a modern library. In those days publishers did not send copies to the bigger libraries, nor did the libraries have special funds for the purchase of books. Richard explained some of the difficulties he had overcome in his lifelong search for good books. He also explained that his position in the Court had been of great assistance to him. The news of his desire for books spread rapidly and, added Richard slyly, "it was more easy for a man to gain our favour by means of books than of money." By the King's permission and authority he was able to open long-forgotten chests at monasteries and private dwellings, and he rescued many books from litter of mice and the gnawings of worms. His travels on the Continent brought him extra books from friends, and admirers, and suitors, and dealers; his charity to the wandering friars inspired them to keep on the look out for treasures in out-of-the-way places; and a large staff of copiers was employed to transcribe those books which were only lent to him.

These books were not collected merely for the sake of possession. They were not hoarded up as a miser hoards gold; they were collected for the common benefit of scholars. Some disgruntled contemporaries evidently accused Richard of possessing excess of curiosity, of exhibiting vanity, and of having a fanatic delight in literature. Richard replied that he had made the collecting of books his life work because he wished to help those who had no access to books, and having made his apology he maliciously wondered whether his detractors would "have praised and commended us, if we had spent our time in hunting, dice playing, or courting the ladies."

His manner of lending his books was simple and efficient. Five scholars were appointed in charge of the library, and three at least had to be present when a book

was lent. Full particulars of the date of the loan and the address of the borrower were entered in a record book, and all borrowers had to leave a deposit, more than the value of the book, which was refunded on return. No book could be taken outside the walls of the University unless the library owned a copy of it, in addition to the borrowed one, and no borrowed book could be lent to anyone else, except with the knowledge and authority of the librarian. There was no time limit for the use of a book; all that Richard insisted upon was that once a-year the borrower should show the librarian that the volume was in good condition. Any profit that might accrue to the librarians was to be used for the repair and maintenance of the books.

Richard's library after his death went to Durham College, until that college was dissolved by Henry VIII. Some of the books then went to Duke Humphrey's library, some to Balliol College, some to George Owen, the King's physician, and some were sold by his executors.

Among the people who, according to Richard de Bury, were unfit to touch books were many of the kind who today have no love for literature. Richard summed them up by quoting from the introductory verses to the "Policraticon" of John of Salisbury:

> No iron stained hand is fit to handle books,
> Nor he whose heart on gold so gladly looks;
> The same men love not books and money both,
> And books thy herd, O Epicurus, loathe;
> Misers and bookmen make poor company,
> Nor dwell in peace beneath the same roof tree.

No English translation of the Latin original of the "Philobiblon" was made until 1832, and no accurate translation was issued until E. C. Thomas published "The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, Treasurer and Chancellor of Edward III" in 1888. In the first chapter Richard de Bury said: "The book that he has made renders the author this service in return, that so long as the book survives, its author remains immortal and cannot die." This is certainly true of Richard de Bury, of whom it may be said that as long as book lovers exist, as long as books are printed and treasured, so long will the memory of the perfect book lover be kept green in the hearts of all who worship at the shrine of the printed word.

Hassan's Career

Translated from the Italian of Bruno Corra

AT six years old, Hassan found his vocation. One morning his father Abbas, *boab* or door-keeper to a house in the Mousky, the Arab quarter of Cairo, spoke to him thus:

"Hassan, you eat four large bowls of beans every day at my expense. You are six years old. It is time you earned your own living. Here is a brush and a box of shoe polish. Go and polish the shoes of the *farenghi* (foreigners). Be off, Hassan!"

Abbas, the *boab*—a holy man, who wore the green turban showing that he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca—gave the brush and box to his son; then, as little Hassan didn't move, he gave him a kick as well. Hassan rolled out into the narrow street right in front of a donkey which was passing at the moment. The donkey stopped dead, and the donkey-man seized the opportunity to get a glass of syrup from a street vendor. A barrow coming along behind the donkey had to stop, too, and the man took the chance of going into a café for a drink and a chat with the proprietor. A man on business bent, with a large bundle of papers under his arm, being unable to pursue his way, went into a shop to get his fez ironed, while he sat on a bench smoking a cigarette. The donkey and the barrow made it impossible for anyone to get by, but no one minded, because everyone knew that even this, like all other earthly events, was written in the Book of Destiny.

Traffic remained at a standstill till it pleased little Hassan to pick himself up. Then the donkey moved on, and behind him the man with his barrow, then the business man and the rest. The warm air of March did not induce anyone to hurry.

Clutching the brush in one hand and the box of shoe polish in the other, Hassan walked slowly through the goldsmiths' quarter, ringing with the engraver's hammer, then past the perfume shops, where the air was sweet

with the scent of amber, roses and jasmine. Finally he reached the principal street of the Mousky, full of a motley crowd, and reverberating with the shouts of the water and sweet-sellers. Hassan felt so contented that he wouldn't have changed places with the wisest sheik or the richest pasha. The warm air soothed his almost naked little body, beneath his *gallabia*, or garment, of blue cotton. The warm ground caressed his little bare feet at every step and the spicy smell of the streets made every breath a pleasure. One thing was lacking to absolute bliss—a piece of sugar-cane to suck. Not possessing the necessary cash to buy it, Hassan began to imagine the taste, and to make the illusion more real he moved his jaws, chewing fashion. Without noticing the distance, he dawdled on, enjoying his imaginary sugar-cane more and more every moment; it appeared to him sweeter than the real thing since it cost nothing.

Only when he had got outside the dirty, noisy Mousky did he remember the words of his father. His heart sank, and the gratuitous sugar-cane vanished.

"It's time you earned your own living. You shall polish the shoes of the *farenghi*. Be off, Hassan!"

And then the brush, the box of polish, and the kick. A certain reluctance to advance towards his new destiny made Hassan pause in his walk, but the remembrance of the paternal kick pushed him on. He stepped out unwillingly towards the European quarter, where he must find the white infidels, the *farenghi*, accustomed to wearing shoes. But here, standing in front of a big hotel near the gardens of the Opera House, he understood how great were the difficulties in the way of the career that had been suggested to him. To begin with, there were too many shoe-cleaners compared to the number of shoes at their disposal. When three or four *farenghi* came out of the hotel, fifty boys with brushes and polish hurled themselves to the assault of their feet. Hassan participated bravely in every assault, only to feel the blows from his colleagues' brushes raining on his head. Then the way the *farenghi* walked—with the firm, quick step of those who feel they are pursued—rendered the task of making them immobilize their feet all the more arduous.

All day long poor Hassan wandered about the European quarter, hungry and discouraged, from the hotels in the Sharia Kamel to the sumptuous villas of Ghezireh. He lingered at the cross-roads where the mad whirl of motor-cars, coming in every direction, distracted him from the nightmare of unconquerable feet. At the hour of sunset he stood on the crowded bridge of Kasr-el-Nil.

In the Mousky sunset was the signal for all to stop work, and every street would be transformed into a peaceful courtyard where men and women, donkeys and goats would sit down amicably together in sublime idleness. The silence of the evening would only be broken at intervals by the raucous shouts of some hashish victim. But where Hassan stood life seemed to become more intense towards the end of the day; the mad race of passing vehicles made him giddy, and the lights confused him. This discomfort increased every moment till it became one with the consuming hunger that tortured his little stomach.

Then the determination to polish two shoes at any cost began to dominate his brain. As he walked along the pavements of Kasr-el-Nil he saw no longer the faces and the clothes of the passers-by, but only their lower extremities.

Among so many feet existing in the world, was it possible there were not two for him, for the assuaging of his hunger? Like a streak of lightning he fell upon any that he saw standing still on the kerb, waiting for a cab or tram; but his attack was always repulsed by a kick, or a blow from a stick. The freshness of the evening air stimulated his gnawing hunger. The fingers of his right hand squeezed the brush, as if it had been the handle of a knife. Those unattainable shoes shone in the reflection from shop windows and attracted his gaze with a horrible fascination. Here, there, near, distant, to right and to left, feet, feet, feet, and always receding. Staggering along, weary and bewildered, Hassan moved in an inferno of wicked feet, till it seemed to him that Paradise must be a place where two merciful feet would condescend to stand still.

He found them at last, just when he had given up all hope. There they were, standing still close to the wall;

he hurled himself towards them and began to polish, timidly at first, expecting to feel the blows of a stick on his head. But not at all! These were the ideal shoes! These were the shoes of his dreams; docile, dusty shoes, disposed to allow themselves to be polished so that little Hassan should not die of hunger. The movements of the brush became more rapid, effective, and enthusiastic. Already the shoes were shining brightly in the dusk, but Hassan continued to polish. He seemed to hear the jingle of the money which this good gentleman would throw to him. One piastre? Two piastres? Who could tell? He thought of the delicious smell of a steaming bowl of beans. One bowl? Two bowls? He began to move his jaws in anticipation of such relish. He jumped to his feet and lifted his eyes to the face of his first client. Alas! The gentleman had no face, and if he had had one it would have been made of wood!

Overcome by this shock of devastating disappointment, Hassan rolled on the ground and howled. Weeping and sobbing, he showed in the expression of his own grief the age-long weakness of the Egyptian character, the eternal delusion of a people who dream of being kings and live as mendicants.

Hassan's grief was so loud that he didn't at first hear the voices of two *farenghi* who had stopped to look at him. They questioned him in English. At last Hassan replied by beating his stomach with his fists and screaming louder than ever. And then—a coin fell on the pavement, ringing sweetly in his left ear as he lay there sobbing. The two *farenghi* moved on, chattering to themselves. Hassan covered the money with one hand and amused himself for a moment by guessing—how many piastres? One? Two? Three? He raised his hand—five piastres! With a bound he was on his feet and had started off, with chest thrown out and a serious expression on his face as became a man of wealth.

He strolled along the streets gazing at all the good things exposed for sale: beans, juicy slices of meat soaked in garlic, and honey tartlets. He lingered in spite of his hunger; he felt he must make a good choice, and could not make up his mind which shop should have the honour of serving him—little Hassan, who knew how to earn a

shilling by crying. He bought a cigarette and continued his stroll, inhaling the smoke. Then he put it out, half-smoked, and bought a cup of *busa* from a street-seller. After that he ate a honey tart, a dishful of beans, and a bowl of millet in three different shops. Then he finished his cigarette. Seated on the ground, leaning against a pillar, his eyes wandered dreamily over the multicoloured crowd that passed to and fro. A blissful drowsiness overtook him, and all night long he dreamt that he had become a porter like his father Abbas; but porter to a mansion as big as the Citadel and all encrusted with silver coins.

Thus Hassan discovered his vocation and chose his own career. Why wear oneself out cleaning shoes if all that was needed to earn a living was to throw oneself down on the pavement and cry when the *farenghi* were coming out of the theatres? There would always be some kind-hearted stranger ready to throw a piastre to the unhappy child. Grasping the money, Hassan would jump up and laugh in the face of the astonished European, his labours ended for the day.

But it would be necessary to keep the brush and box of polish always in good condition against the day when he would be a man and have a son of his own. When the child reached his sixth year—the year when the goats and buffaloes give their best milk—he would call him to his side and say with authority:

"Abbas, every day you eat four large bowls of beans at my expense. You are six years old. It is time you earned your own living. Here is a brush and a box of shoe polish. Go and polish the shoes of the *farenghi*. Be off, Abbas!"

So saying, he would give his son the box, the brush, and—a kick.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

By W. B. Sedgwick

In the history of morals a prominent place is claimed by the vagaries of feminine fashion, and of all fashions those connected with the hair would seem to demand first notice; yet, though the dressing and ornamentation of the hair have received some attention, perhaps because the Church has deemed them not beneath her notice, the actual colour of the hair still awaits its Lecky or Teufelsdröckh. If, however, the Muse of History considers the subject beneath her dignity, Journalism, having no muse, may perhaps so far sacrifice dignity as to dwell awhile on this frivolous topic.

No doubt there were blondes *ante Agamemnona*, but, lacking their sacred bard, they have passed into oblivion. In Homer, Menelaus, Achilles and Ulysses are all described as blond (ξανθός), while Achilles' son, Pyrrhus, derived his name from his "fiery" hair—a name clung to with pride by kings who claimed descent from his house. It seems a reasonable inference that blond hair was prized as distinguishing the northern conquerors from the subjugated "Mediterranean" stock, dark and short—an inference which is supported by the other distinguishing feature of the heroic race, male and female, namely, tallness; hence the recurring formula ἠύς τε μέγας τε, "tall and brave," hence Ulysses' flattering reference to the tallness of Nausicaa among her maidens, hence the action of Athena in adding to Ulysses' own stature when she intends him to dazzle (though here the poet strangely forgets that Ulysses' hair is elsewhere light, and makes it dark).

The theory of race-distinction would also explain the Egyptian custom, referred to by Greek writers, of sacrificing the red-haired, including dogs, to Osiris; for the object of such regulations is generally to ensure that the victim shall belong to an alien race.

To return to the Greeks, we find that in historical times the blond type had become rare; it seems to be a fact that, whenever there is an intermixture of race, the Mediterranean stock eventually predominates and the blond type gradually disappears, although favoured in sexual selection. But by the fifth century B.C. the circumstances had changed: so far from being a sign of noble birth, blond hair had come to indicate servile origin. In earliest times slaves (Carians, Lydians, etc.) had come from Asia Minor, but with the expansion of Athens in the north and her alliance with northern kings a fresh source of supply was opened out, and the Macedonian kings now engaged in a lucrative trade with Athens in the slaves procured in the raids which they dignified with the name of wars of expansion. Scythians were regularly employed as police, and Thracian maids came to be so common that the name became generic for a domestic servant. Many slaves were simply called by their tribal names, Geta (Goth), Davus (a northern tribe), etc. The northern origin of others is indicated by the very common names of Pyrrhias (Birria), Xanthias, etc., referring to their blond hair. (It is hard to distinguish both in Greek and Latin between "light" and "red" hair, owing to the vagueness of their adjectives of colour*; so that blond can nowhere be understood to exclude red.)

The best evidence comes from comedy, particularly the domestic New Comedy (comedy of manners), which survives in the translations of Plautus and Terence. Here we find that the stock character of the tricky, thievish slave had a stock mask, of which the most characteristic feature was its shock of red hair; and thus slaves are often verbally described in the extant plays, for instance, the *Pseudolus* of Plautus, the most notable example of the type, and the most famous part of the greatest of comic actors, Roscius. It is to be remembered that the life depicted in Roman comedy is entirely Greek.

Corroborative evidence of the prevalence of slaves from the north comes from an unexpected quarter. By a lucky accident fortune has preserved for us (in an

* e.g. in Lucan ix, 129–131, *flavus* and *rutilus* are synonymous.

inscription) the inventory of the confiscated property of those condemned in the great scandal of the Mutilation of the Hermæ (415 B.C.). Among other interesting items (including the bedroom furniture of Alcibiades) we have an incomplete list of the slaves of a well-to-do citizen, Cephisodorus: it contains five Thracians (two males, three females), two Illyrians, one Scythian, and seven Orientals (including two expensive Syrians and two children).

In the Classical Age of Greece, females who affected blond hair usually belonged to the courtesan class, the ancient equivalent of O. Henry's "peroxide Junos." (For how many feminine fashions are we indebted to the demi-monde!) The secluded matron of Athenian life would, if we may judge from comedy, be very chary of emulating them: gentlemen no doubt preferred blondes, but their wives looked askance at them.

Similarly among the Romans the fashion of blond hair first became widespread with the growing license of women towards the end of the Republic, having been previously associated with the courtesan class; but it was still frowned on by the puritanical. As slaves now came chiefly from the East there was no longer any social stigma attached to blond hair as a sign of race. So with regard to the blond lock of the unhappy Dido, cut off by Iris, Servius (fourth century A.D.) assures us that Virgil intended it as a reflection on her character (*huic ergo datur quasi turpi*), for "blond hair was never given to matrons, but black." But this, I for one refuse to believe of Virgil: it is rather a Homeric echo.

About the same time we find the common use of the wig (*caliendrum*, *galerus*), though attacked by satirists and associated with prostitutes: thus in Horace the hag Sagana wears one, which comes to grief; so in Juvenal does Messalina when disguised as a *meretrix*.* But in spite of its associations the fashion had come to stay. Similarly in Venice, the glorious red hair of Titian's courtesans was envied and imitated by more honest women. Hence the importation of the blond tresses of the German women became a staple trade under the

* *Sed nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero*, where the Scholiast remarks: *quo utebantur meretrices* (matrons had black hair). (vi, 120.)

Empire—a custom from which Martial contrives to extract a pretty compliment:

> These locks I send from realms of northern cold:
> See, Lesbia, how your own outshines their gold.*

Lower Germany also supplied a kind of soap-dye known as Dutch Foam (*spuma Batava*), which was intended to impart a golden tint.

> With German herbs grey hair is now concealed,
> And thus to Art Nature is made to yield,†

says Ovid, while the Elder Pliny is full of recipes for hair dyes, which were known even to old Cato—"ashes," he calls them, perhaps a kind of lye.‡ In the case of men we are not so well informed: the youthful Nero's golden beard has attained some notoriety, but that was the peculiar mark of the Ahenobarbi and due to a miracle dating back to the Battle of Lake Regillus. (The first Ahenobarbus had his beard stroked by the Dioscuri.)

In the Middle Ages, although many of the kings must have had red hair (witness Rufus and Barbarossa), it was held to indicate deceit and low birth: the prevalence of the belief is shown by many proverbs, some of definitely Teutonic origin. We may quote two:

> Beneath red hair
> Lurks guile and snare.§

> I've rarely seen a tall man wise
> Nor a white man lusty,
> Nor a short man meek and mild,
> Nor a red man trusty.‖

This was probably not so much the result of observation as of the study of Latin comedy and its mediæval adaptations: the characters of comedy became types, as we may see, for instance, from a song of about 1100 A.D.:

> Priests and prophets now are Davus,
> Geta and Birria, heaven save us!¶

* *Arctoa de gente comam tibi, Lesbia, misi, Ut scires quanto sit tibi flava magis.* (v, 68.)

† *Femina canitiem Germanis inficit herbis Et melior vera quaeritur arte color.* (A.A. iii, 163.)

‡ *Cinere capillum ungitabant ut rutilus esset crinis.*

§ *In rufa pelle nemo latitat sine felle.*

‖ *Raro breves humiles vidi, longos sapientes, Albos audaces, rubeos aut esse fideles.* Since writing, I find several Old English variants in Benham's "Book of Quotations," 1924, p. 462*a*.

¶ *Fiet praesul vel propheta,*
Davus, Birria vel Geta.

Golden hair, however, was admired, and in the case of ladies, usually compared by poets to gold wire!

To summarize the results obtained, then, we may say that in Homeric times blond hair was admired in both sexes, as a mark of the ruling race: in the Classical Age of Greece the conditions were reversed, but blond tints were affected by ladies as an exotic attraction: in Roman times the fashion spread, perhaps owing to a decline in morals. In the Middle Ages red (but not golden) hair becomes a reproach for both sexes: this is a new feature, though ultimately it can be traced to Greek comedy. But in no case does it seem to have been a subject for humour. This is a development of modern times, chiefly associated with low comedy. But to deal with modern times is beyond the scope of this sketch, and would require an amount of research perhaps out of proportion to the importance of the subject. Enough has been said, it is hoped, to show that this apparently frivolous subject opens out several interesting lines of inquiry and is not without interest in the history of morals.

Come to Britain

By Sir Francis Towle, C.B.E.

(Managing Director of the Gordon Hotels, Ltd.)

THERE is general agreement that the attraction of a greater number of foreigners to this country, both for business and pleasure, is a matter well worth considering.

The money spent here by those who come from abroad, or the Dominions overseas, is, in effect, a most important form of invisible export, and there is not a shadow of doubt that this country does not get its full share of holiday traffic, particularly from the American continent.

With a view to arousing public attention and endeavouring to overcome some of the more obvious difficulties which stand in the way of tourist traffic in this country, the "Come to Britain" Movement was formed, and it has already succeeded in stimulating a great deal of interest.

One of the chief problems is hotel accommodation, which is far from satisfactory. There are a number of reasons which have led to this deficiency, the foremost of which are the vexatious conditions of the licensing law, so far as hotels are concerned. At the present time, an hotel, no matter how important, or how well conducted, has to obtain a public-house licence to carry on business, and is subject to all the restrictions and conditions that the keeper of a public-house has to observe. This handicaps seriously the development of a first-class hotel system in this country, and makes it very difficult to persuade the best class of commercial man to come into the business. It is equally difficult to persuade financiers to find capital for the erection of hotels when a very great part of the value of their property may be lost by the action of a bench of magistrates, or the indiscretion of a servant infringing the licensing law.

In spite of these disadvantages the hotel system in England has developed considerably in recent years. Before the war, the industry was, to a great extent, in the hands of Germans and other foreigners, but a concerted effort by those Englishmen who were connected with it has resulted in a considerable improvement in this respect. A much more important class of man and woman is going into the hotel business; a large and constantly increasing number of English

men and women are employed in it. At present it has not been found possible to do away with a foreign staff in certain grades, because there has not yet been time or opportunity to train Englishmen to take their places; but if public opinion can be properly roused, there seems to me little doubt that in the course of the next few years an hotel system will arise in this country that will be in all respects worthy of the other commercial enterprises which have made us pre-eminent in international trade.

There is no doubt that local hotels will have to be built in modern style to accommodate those who wish to visit places of historic interest or exceptional beauty in England, Scotland and Wales. A great deal has already been done by the railway companies to provide such accommodation, but the great bulk of English hotels are obsolete in design. Probably it would not be unfair to say of the average English hotel that the building is at least forty years old, and, except in isolated cases, cannot cater adequately for modern needs for which it was never designed.

The first thing an American or other traveller from Overseas asks when a visit to a certain place is suggested to him is, "What sort of an hotel is there? Where can we stay?" When he is told the name of the hotel he says, "Is there a bathroom, running water and central heating?" A large number of the principal hotels in this country cannot satisfy him on the first of these questions, let alone the other two.

In many cases I think that the municipal authorities should assist in the provision of cheap capital, somewhat on the lines of the Trade Facilities Act, to enable hotels to be built. If this cannot be done, then the law will have to be altered, and proper facilities given to hotel-keepers to enable them to get capital at a reasonable rate in the ordinary way of business.

It is not fully recognized in this country that foreigners judge of a country, a city, or a town by the quality and nature of the hotel accommodation available more than by anything else. We shall never be able to attract the number of people we should have here until we are able to satisfy those from Overseas that there is proper modern—and by "modern" I do not mean necessarily luxurious—hotel accommodation in the principal places they are likely to visit.

Although the increase in travel since the war has been

phenomenal, it is still probably only in its infancy. This development, however, must be accompanied by a corresponding advance in the hotel industry, for the hotel-keeper today is the host of his country's guests.

In America, and on the Continent, the vital importance of the hotel industry was realized at a much earlier date than it was in England, where it has suffered from the difficulties I have noted. Every year the visitors to England increase. From this new and world-wide interest in her old cities, her venerable cathedrals, her quiet little villages and her great industrial areas—emerges the now well-understood fact that if we are to deserve this profitable influx from other countries, we must go forward, developing, improving and increasing our hotels.

On what lines should the British hotel develop? I venture the opinion that we should break away from the slavish imitation of a type which has reached its highest pitch of perfection in the United States, and in the larger cities and watering-places on the Continent—the type generally known as the "Palace" hotel. In France it seeks to perpetuate the gilded glories of Versailles; in America it has been adapted most efficiently to the national needs. I believe it is no longer entirely satisfying to English people and to their guests. It is as foreign to England as a German castle or a French château would be if planted on the Downs of Sussex.

The English hotel of the future should be, above all, English, suitable to English tastes; it should reflect the comfort, ease, and personal service, that good taste and "rightness" in small details, which have made English home life famous the world over. Centuries of culture have evolved English country-house life with its refined, easy-going, and friendly atmosphere, its unmistakable touch of England.

In New York lately I had the honour of being invited to broadcast a message on behalf of the "Come to Britain" Movement, and I may perhaps be allowed briefly to repeat the substance of my address.

Travel, which was once the luxury of the rich, is now the general pastime of all classes in all countries.

The natural thing for Americans to do when they contemplate crossing the ocean is to plan at least a portion of their holiday in Great Britain. In many instances they will be revisiting the homes, if not of their own childhood, at any rate of their forbears.

COME TO BRITAIN

That more Americans do not visit Great Britain is, I think, to a great extent, the fault of the British themselves. They have not, perhaps, been sufficiently active in the past in making known the attractions of their native land as a tourist centre. The "Come to Britain" Movement has been formed for this purpose. It embraces the whole of the shipping, railway, store and hotel interests, together with the Federation of British Industries and the Chambers of Commerce in the principal centres of Great Britain and Ireland, and aims at the development of travel in Great Britain, and particularly the encouragement of visitors from the United States and the Dominions.

Between May 1 and the middle of July, when the country is looking its best, the number of tourists in Great Britain is very much less than in the height of the later holiday season. I would impress on travellers the very great advantages of leaving the United States in April before the rush begins, in time for the London season and all its events—both social and sporting—which are of world-wide interest.

We have a lovely countryside, famous the world over. We have historical places and sights of an interest not exceeded anywhere. Americans can see Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon; Washington's ancestral home, Sulgrave Manor; and the glories of Westminster Abbey. There are the unique University towns of Oxford and Cambridge, and old cities, like Chester, belonging to an age now remote.

We have in Great Britain flower gardens nowhere surpassed in beauty and variety. In June the Pageant of Summer will be gloriously revealed in the historic gardens of over forty English counties. Such a feast of colour and beauty is unmatched in the world, and alone worth the journey to England. Our fox-hunting is admittedly incomparable, while the game-shooting (pheasant, partridge, and grouse) and fishing are not excelled anywhere.

In horse-racing, the Derby is still pre-eminent. There is nothing in the world like the Grand National, the Heath at Newmarket, and Royal Ascot. Wimbledon is the Mecca of tennis-players. Cowes, Henley Regatta, cricket, polo, and the golf courses of England and Scotland complete the tale of unparalleled attractions.

South Africa and Irrigation

By Captain D. Arnold-Forster, C.M.G., R.N.

(The writer was Naval Captain-in-Charge at Simonstown, on the Cape Station, for two years, 1921–1923. He paid another visit to South Africa in 1925, when he stayed at several irrigated settlements—including Sundays River, Kendrew, Fish River Valley, and Zebediela.)

FROM earliest times, in those parts of the world where large tracts of rich soil are unfruitful owing to lack of sufficient rain, men of large vision have been fascinated by the problems of irrigation. South Africa, though her national life as a civilized country has been comparatively short, has produced many such men, whose visions are now becoming realities. It is the firm belief of many that by the cultivation of her undeveloped irrigable areas the prosperity of South Africa as a whole can be increased on a sure basis ; also that in this direction is to be found a solution of one of her most pressing social problems—how to obtain and support a much larger white population on the land; for the development of each irrigated settlement should attract many other white people to the locality besides the actual owners and cultivators of the soil.

It is a big idea, this conception of saving for a thirsty land millions of tons of water that now run to waste into the South Atlantic and Indian Ocean every time there are heavy rains in the interior. This wasted water washes away valuable soil, and in course of time transforms fertile areas into barren ones. If part of these floods were saved, then instead of doing so much irreparable damage, not only could the water be made to play its proper part in the production of profitable crops, but, by enabling cultivation on a large scale to be carried out in the arid districts, the enormous amount of moisture now lost by evaporation would be reduced, and there would be a steadying effect on the very erratic rainfall of the country.

Irrigation was practised in a small way by Cape Colony farmers as far back as 1877, and many irrigation

schemes have been developed since then, but it is only of late years that it has been attempted on a large scale for community settlements; and it is hardly too much to say that questions concerning the methods of intensive irrigated farming most suitable to the country, and the special economic problems involved, are now being seriously and practically grappled with in South Africa for the first time. After a general survey made in 1900, Sir William Willcocks, the well-known irrigation expert, estimated that it would be feasible to bring 3,000,000 acres under irrigation in the Transvaal, Cape Province and Orange Free State, at a cost of about £30,000,000; and although the total area developed up to the present is comparatively small, the amount of useful knowledge and experience obtained in recent years has been very great, and benefits are already being felt.

In 1925 there were between 400,000 and 500,000 acres commanded by permanent irrigation works (about a sixth of the potential area, if we accept 3,000,000 acres as a working maximum), and of this more than 200,000 acres were still uncultivated. The greater part of this has become available only during the last few years, so that the practice of large-scale irrigation in South Africa is even now still in its infancy, and those who in the past believed in its great possibilities had to look elsewhere for inspiration. They found it by studying the history of irrigation in the Western States of America, the country where in many respects physical conditions most resemble those in South Africa.

The development of irrigation farming in the United States dates from the establishment of a settlement in the Great Salt Lake Valley in 1847. This settlement in the State of Utah was soon followed by others, and by 1910 there were 14,000,000 acres under irrigation, with the prospect of steady increase up to 20,000,000 under the then existing works. It is interesting to note that these first irrigation farms contained many recruits from the gold diggers of California, who apparently considered the risks involved in irrigation farming were less, and the prospects in the long run better, than those offered by the gold mines.

These American pioneers, assisted as they were later

by investigators at Government experimental stations, found out how to use the water so as to get the utmost value from the soil in the form of crops; they also learnt how to avoid wrong methods of applying it, that might ruin the land by bringing injurious salts to the surface, or damage it by washing away valuable plant foods. This control of the water element in crop production was found to be one of the greatest assets of the irrigation farmer; not only should he be practically immune from serious losses due to drought or erratic rains, but to some extent he can, by adjusting the amount of moisture in the land, govern the weight and quality of his crops.

It was found in closely settled districts, where many families depended for their livelihood on water from the same canal, that co-operative methods develop naturally; and it was to the application of co-operation to the business of cultivation, transport, and marketing, that their success was largely due. Here were hammered out codes of community laws for governing groups of people living under these conditions; laws that are concerned not only with the supply and fair distribution of water, but also with the control of pests, fencing, roadmaking, and other matters of communal interest.

Though a sufficient supply of water is vital to any of these irrigated settlements, the particular texture and quality of the soil and subsoil, and general lie of the land formation to allow of good natural drainage, are also essential to success. In regions of about ten inches or less of annual rainfall—and many such arid or semi-arid districts in South Africa, as well as in America, include areas of extremely fertile soil of good depth and water-holding capacity—the crops depend almost entirely on irrigation; and with rainfall up to twenty or more inches, it may be employed with advantage as a supplement for intensively worked crops if steady results are to be looked for. Alkali in various forms was present in some of the arid regions now under cultivation in America, and it was found that its effect varies in different kinds of crops; a small amount that may do no harm to one kind of crop may be fatal to another. If the conditions with regard to drainage and subsoil are suitable,

alkali may be gradually washed out of the soil by judicious irrigation; but if proper care is not taken, it may be brought to the surface by evaporation, with disastrous results. In parts of South Africa, where physical conditions are similar to those in America with regard to brak, the same care is required, first in selecting a suitable area for irrigation, and secondly in the method of irrigation used. (In South Africa the term "brak" is generally used to describe alkali lands.)

It is a well-known feature of South African rivers that many of them as often as not are nearly dry, but that, when the water does come down, it comes in floods. By placing weirs across such rivers, some of the flood water can be diverted into canals for distribution on the land, and this system of "flood water irrigation" has been used for many years in some districts. The initial cost of these weirs is small compared with that of the dams required for permanent storage schemes; they are better than nothing, but the drawbacks of the system are obvious. Floods may come down at the wrong season, or when the crops do not require water; if a flood does not last long, there may not be time to irrigate all the land connected up to the system; during droughts there will be no floods at all. Under this system methodical irrigation designed to get the best crop value out of the soil cannot be practised, and it is not dependable enough to ensure the successful cultivation of the more valuable crops.

In America many of the irrigated settlements are fed by canals taken direct from perennial rivers, and in South Africa there are a few rivers, such as the Letaba and the White River in the North-Eastern Transvaal, that are now used directly to provide permanent irrigation, but these are exceptional. Since not many of the South African rivers can be relied on to provide the necessary amount of water all the year round, large-scale irrigation nearly always necessitates the erection of large and costly conservation dams to form lakes for the storage of water.

When the earlier American schemes were started, most of the land chosen was State-owned. The Government sold the land to the settlers, and used the proceeds of the sales to recoup itself for the money spent by the

State on the construction and maintenance of irrigation works. But in South Africa most of the land where big irrigation schemes were first called for was already privately owned, and some other method of providing State assistance had to be devised. With the object of assisting approved schemes, the South African Government in 1912 passed an Irrigation Act, amended in 1916, under which loans for the construction of irrigation works were made to local "Irrigation Boards," as representatives of the landowners or groups of farmers interested. Under this Act, Government irrigation engineers were to superintend the erection of approved works, and turn them over when completed to the local irrigation boards. The latter were to be responsible for collecting a yearly water rate from the owners of the irrigable land, at a scale that was intended to repay the whole Government loan with interest in a period of forty years. Loans for about £5,000,000 had been issued under the Act up to 1926.

The largest dam completed under Government supervision is at Hartebeestpoort on the Crocodile River, with a capacity of 5,400 million cubic feet, intended to irrigate fertile lands near Pretoria. Other completed works with a capacity of over 2,000 million cubic feet are Lake Mentz dam near the mouth of Sundays River, to irrigate the Addo district near Port Elizabeth; Van Ryneveld's Pass dam above Graaff Reinet to irrigate Karroo land at Kendrew; and Tarka and Grassridge near Craddock to irrigate part of the Fish River Valley. Besides these, there are about a score of smaller State-aided undertakings in various parts of the Union. Examples of extensive works erected by unaided private enterprise are the Smartt Syndicate dam, capacity 3,400 million cubic feet, near De Aar; and the smaller Kampis and Magoto dams to irrigate the Zebediela orange estates in the Northern Transvaal.

Before touching on the problems of storage dams, an interesting and far-reaching diversion scheme that has been much discussed may be briefly mentioned. A glance at a large-scale map shows a series of small lakes and marshes in the extreme north of Bechuanaland and South-West Africa. Professor E. H. L. Schwartz,

of Grahamstown University, believes that these lakes were once far more extensive, and that their outflow found its way by a now lost river system that discharged into the Orange River. His idea is that the water which used to feed the lakes from north and west has been gradually deflected away, partly by the Atlantic mouth of the Kunene River (the south boundary of Angola) and partly by break through into the Zambesi. His scheme is to adjust water levels so as to restore the old lake and river system, and he believes that not only could great tracts of the Kalahari desert be made fertile and able to support a large white population, but that the restoration of this old water system would have a marked effect on the climate of the whole country. In 1925, a survey party, under the direction of Dr. A. L. du Toit, of the Irrigation Department, was sent up to examine the area. They were away for five months and reported towards the end of 1926. Their report was not very favourable to the more ambitious schemes of Professor Schwartz, though it suggests that part of them would be feasible. It seems that Professor Schwartz and others do not consider the report to be conclusive, and more is likely to be heard of it.

During and after heavy rains, many of the streams and rivers carry down large quantities of soil with their waters, known in this state as silt; the effect of this on the useful life of conservation dams is one of the problems that have to be taken into account by irrigation engineers. The silt carried down into a storage reservoir during flood time remains in suspension for several days; if the dam is full, some of it goes over the spillway; some goes out with the irrigation water when the sluices are opened; but a certain proportion eventually settles on the bottom, and will in course of time reduce the holding capacity of the dam by raising the bed level. In most of the new dams, which are generally constructed of huge square blocks of concrete, the design is so arranged that, should the storage capacity ever become seriously affected by silt deposit, the water level may be raised by building a higher crest on the spillway and raising the outlet sluice for the irrigation water a corresponding amount. It has been estimated that it will be cheaper

in the long run to raise the wall in this way, if and when it becomes necessary, than to attempt to keep down the silt by dredging or other means. In some dams the configuration of the basin is such, that raising the water level a few feet would double the capacity of the dam, and this extra capacity would be valuable where there is a chance of its filling up in wet years.

One of the main causes of the silt finding its way into the rivers is the wearing away of soil from the innumerable "dongas" that carry surface water away from the veld. Many of the dongas are started in the first instance by the tracks of sheep driven into kraals every night for safety. It is believed that the more general use of wire jackal fencing, by which the daily driving of sheep is avoided, will do much to reduce the silt from that cause; and that any other practical steps that may be taken later to reduce soil erosion on farms and veld will tend to reduce materially the rate of silting-up of dams. The opinion of those best qualified to judge appears to be that the silting-up of the big dams will not affect this generation, and even if at some future time it does become serious, the dams will by then have much more than justified their cost.

Another question to be taken into account is the amount of water lost from a dam and its distributing canals by "seepage" and evaporation. Seepage is loss of water that percolates away through the ground, and depends on the nature of the soil. Evaporation losses depend on climatic conditions, in which the amount of wind playing over the surface of the water is a factor as important as the heat of the sun's rays. Distribution losses depend on the length and method of construction of the channels and canals that take the water from the dam to the irrigable land. With long canals these losses may be considerable; thus, it has been estimated that about 40 per cent. of the water let out of Lake Mentz is lost in the thirty miles of river bed and canals before it arrives at the irrigable land. This loss could be avoided by carrying the water in large pipes, as has been done in California, but the cost of such undertakings is a serious consideration. At Zebediela, which has a very compact scheme of irrigation, the water is dis-

tributed in cement flumes about a foot wide, and the main furrows are also lined with cement. In many schemes the main furrows are unlined, except in special places, and self-sealing by mud is considered sufficient.

In any new irrigation scheme there is a natural desire to extend to the utmost practicable limits the area of the land to be classed as irrigable, so that as many acres as possible would bear the burden of the water rate. The fixing of this area, involving as it does so many opposing factors, is sometimes the subject of considerable controversy. Apart from a series of years of quite abnormal drought, which may occur once in thirty years or so, at least one very dry year in every five may reasonably be expected in South Africa. The generally-accepted requirement of a conservation dam is, that the relation between its capacity and the area to be irrigated should be such that the wet years should provide a sufficient reserve of water in the dam to carry on full irrigation during the ordinary dry years. In some districts the full requirement is laid down as six irrigations per annum of 4½ inches of water over all the irrigable area; the requirements vary in different districts, but in every case some such standard must be fixed as a working basis. Where the annual rainfall is small in the water catchment area supplying the dam, the only way to ensure full irrigation during the abnormal drought periods is to cut down the irrigable area to an extent that would make it uneconomical during the longer periods of normal seasons. In such cases it may be considered preferable to accept the risk of short supply during comparatively rare abnormal periods, whilst being assured of full irrigation over the larger area during normal times.

It will be found that the value of irrigable land is affected by certain factors in a special way. Extreme flatness counts for much. Quality and good depth of soil and the nature of the subsoil are important, and the value will also be affected by the degree to which poor patches have been cut out of the area classed as "irrigable," and therefore chargeable with the water rate. And, in schemes for community settlement, the means forthcoming for early establishment of co-operative

work and marketing include the provision of central factories, transport facilities, arrangements for training beginners, provision of experimental plots in the area, local facilities for carrying out early development work and building at reasonable cost—all these considerations materially affect the value of the land to settlers.

Not all South African farmers accustomed to work large areas realized at first that to justify its cost every square yard of their irrigable land must be intensively worked; nor was it always understood that a considerable amount of work and capital, varying to a great degree with the amount of levelling to be done, must be put into it before it becomes profitable. As to the area, experience seems to show that few new settlers can develop unaided, and work as it should be worked, even as much as fifty acres of irrigable land. To work the undeveloped land already available, settlers of the right type are required; they must have command of adequate capital, whether it is provided entirely by themselves, or partly or wholly from some Government or co-operative source. On good irrigable lands, fruit and other valuable crops may be grown, giving steady returns from quite small acreages, and provided the irrigation system is well designed and properly administered, anxiety about droughts and irregular rains should be reduced to a minimum.

In 1925, a commission was appointed to inquire into the financial position of the State-aided schemes. Unfortunately the completion of some of the dams coincided with periods of drought, and this was notably so with the Lake Mentz and Van Ryneveld's Pass dams, with the result that development work under them was severely handicapped at the start. The commission found that owing mainly to paucity of hydrographic data, there were instances in some of the schemes of dams of insufficient capacity, irrigable areas too large for the water available, and the inclusion of patches of unsuitable soil. And, on the part of irrigators, they found instances of uneconomic use of water, a want of appreciation of the amount and cost of development work required, and errors in the choice of crops. The commission recommended various measures of relief for irrigators,

and the appointment of a permanent Irrigation Commission. This was established with very full powers by a new Irrigation Act passed in 1926.

Efforts are being made in several directions to find means to improve the lot of the "poor whites," an unfortunate section of the population, whose future has for long appeared almost hopeless in view of the fact that practically all unskilled labour in the country is done by natives. Amongst the various schemes to further this object is one to assist groups of selected poor whites to form self-supporting communal settlements on irrigable lands. Some of this land has been acquired by the Government for the purpose, and the results will be watched with interest. If the carefully-supervised experiments now being made prove successful, and the scheme is extended, it will go far towards reducing unemployment amongst the poor white population. Further than that, it should help to build up a new and valuable white peasant class on the land.

All parties in South Africa are agreed in their desire to secure a large increase in the white population; and the appointment of the commission in 1925 to inquire into the progress of the development of irrigable land, and to study afresh the economics of the State-aided schemes, indicates that the Union Government is fully alive to the importance of settling the still undeveloped lands under the irrigation works, on the construction of which the State has already expended so much money. Whether it is sound that the whole cost of the existing works should be borne by this generation; to what extent, if any, the State, i.e. the general taxpayer, should share the burden with the landowners; what is to be done when owners of irrigable land under State-aided works fail to develop fully their holdings—these are some of the important questions now under consideration. Once established on sound lines, the irrigated farms will be a permanent asset to the economic and social life of the country.

The Bond

By Hubert S. Banner, F.R.G.S.

THIS is a true tale of the Madurese, and therefore when you come to the end of it, you will assuredly ask, "Why thus?" But that is a question you may put concerning nearly all things that are of the Madurese; and if you shall get an answer, then it is certainly a falsehood.

Their home is the long flat island that lies across the Straits of Madura to the east of Surabaya; chief among their occupations are agriculture and cattle-raising, with fishing on their coasts. Also, they supply the best coolies for all East Java, and are impotently hated in accordance by the effeter Javanese. But only impotently, for the humours of the Madurese are such that the humane Dutch Government has found itself constrained to set a legal limit on the length of the knives at their hips.

You may know the Madurese by their wide black trousers, the gipsy-like rings in their ears, and their swashbuckling fashion of twisting the head-cloth loosely round their tousled shocks of raven hair. Also by their fearless stare straight into your eyes, and by their independent nomad fashion of sleeping under little flimsy shelters rigged up in any handy entry, since they deign to lay themselves in no Javanese *kampong*. But these things are outward. The most telling inward token is that their hearts are smouldering coals; or, shall I say? subterranean cists of simmering liquid fire ever waiting on the moment to come bubbling and seething over the crater-lip. I once looked idly forth from a Surabaya window and saw a Javanese coolie accidentally don the coat of a Madurese. . . A trivial thing, one would say, for which to be disembowelled; and even the police looked a little shocked as they gathered up the various remains out of the road. But the murderer flashed his strong white teeth in a schoolboy smile as he held out his wrists for the handcuffs, and loosed an obscene joke to cheer the screeching widow.

All morning you may hear the rough chants of the

Madurese as they toil at the Customs Houses in the sun's welting glare, among the saffron splashes of spilled sulphur and the puddles of blistering tar. Poised on the coping-stones of the wharf, you may look down into the tight jam of gaping lighters and watch the merchandise being hooked to the rattling chains. The steam cranes will rumble and snarl over your head as they swing in the great cases and bales of Manchester goods, the massive carboys of chemicals, the clusters of cylindrical baskets that hold black bellowing pigs from Buleleng and Benoa. And some day, if you watch all day and many days, you shall see the one coolie who was a thought too slow in ducking when the cargo swung; or at least you shall see his poor mortal remains come up dripping out of the reluctant mud at river-bottom. But you shall not see the white teeth long cease to flash, nor hear the vigorous labour-chant for long stilled.

It must have been about three o'clock in the afternoon, which is closing-time at the Customs, when the incident of the five cents occurred. The broiling afternoon sun was drawing up the wonted hot stench from the turgid waters of the river; without, the carts stood idle, the great tawny bullocks lying about and scrunching their ends of sugar-cane, or horning lazily at the pestering clouds of flies. The wide-flung door of one of the great godowns threw an oblique patch of shade from the dropping sun, and here a gang of coolies, just paid off for the day, were lazing for a few last minutes while the sweat dried off. One lay flat on his back, limpet-shaped, banana-leaf over face, and snoring already. Three or four were playing a game with pebbles, the stakes of small coins before each pressed to the ground beneath the ball of his foot. For tact at the expense of prudence is not among the amenities of the Madurese.

A few feet away two others sat listlessly looking on, puffing at their rank cigarettes, and yawning.

There came presently a momentary lull in the game, and one of the players pulled out a straw cigarette with a grunted request for a match. Nobody even troubling to reply, he spat on the ground, stuck his cigarette in his head-cloth, and went on with the game. The play began at this point to go badly against him, and the natural

ferocity of his countenance intensified with every minute that passed. He was an ungracious-enough-looking fellow at the best of times, was Kasmi. A pair of deep-set eyes, close together as those of ape, smouldered in a face typically simian, the low, narrow forehead crowned with a great shock of oily, blue-black hair that overhung the eyes like a Shetland pony's forelock. The red bandana handkerchief knotted carelessly round his head, and the heavy brass rings in his ears, made more than ever a pirate of him.

His temper, never of the best, had not been improved that day by the circumstance that a heavy keg of iron nails had fallen on his big toe and split it to the bone. So when he asked for a match again during the next interval in the game, and still failed to elicit the least response from the slothful onlookers, a dull flush began to mount up around his eyes and a curious itching to possess his gnarled fingers.

"Wangsa has matches," he growled; "I saw him light a cigarette."

"Wait till I light another, then," said Wangsa, who was not one to have his nap disturbed without good reason.

"*Tch!* Wangsa was fathered by a *cheleng* (wild pig)," remarked Kasmi impersonally to the roof, but Wangsa only grinned pleasantly. For you may refer to the father of a Madurese in all ways, and to his mother in all ways save one, without crossing the line that separates light badinage from blood-insult. Besides which, Kasmi was Wangsa's closest friend.

The grin, coupled with the throb in the big toe, and the continued lack of the match, caused the glow around Kasmi's eyes and temples to grow a little hotter; the thick lips rolled back slightly from his *sirih*-stained fangs.

"Wangsa cannot bend his fingers to hold a match-box; his wife wants a real man, and is poisoning him by slow degrees," was Kasmi's next shaft.

This was getting a little near to the border-line, for matrimonial honour is a thing the Madurese prizes just a little more than a Javanese dignitary his gold parasol. But still Wangsa only grinned, while Kasmi began to shudder and twitch like a sick dog.

His cigarette finished, Wangsa sat up lazily and stretched himself. He then placed a fresh straw cigarette between his lips, lit it from the old one, and then actually bestirred himself to shuffle over to Kasmi's side and offer him the glowing stub. Kasmi grunted by way of acknowledgment, and the tingling fire about his temples began slowly to subside, as the glow of a forge ebbs when the bellows are stilled.

The desultory play went on again; the sleeping coolie began to mutter in his sleep; the head of one of the onlookers dropped forward on to his breast and he, too, slid away into a jerky slumber. A begrimed and perspiring official came slouching hurriedly round the corner, anxious to perform his duty of shutting the iron gates and get home to his Eurasian wife and her last-born.

"*Godverdomme*, get out of that!" he cried testily as his eye caught the group of coolies. "It's half-past three. *Aio! Gelis! Vooruit nou!*" And he clapped his hands.

But something was wrong. Kasmi was sitting staring like a cataleptic at the coins he had just picked up from under his foot. He heard nothing of the impatient official's exhortation, he had no eyes for him or for the other coolies, who, wide enough awake now, stood gazing open-mouthed in a ring, awed by the sense of impending trouble. And trouble came, swiftly and overwhelmingly.

The blood surged in a numbing wave to Kasmi's head, and his face was twisted into an abominable mask as he leapt at Wangsa, swinging his knife at him with a dreadful upward sweep. Within the same instant the official's heavy boot crashed against Kasmi's elbow, the knife clattered away into a corner, and Kasmi himself was flung bareheaded and gasping against a packing-case, all the breath knocked out of him, his half-shattered arm grasped in the other hand. . . And even as he crouched there, his wandering eye caught sight of the edge of a five-cent piece sticking out of the ground where his foot had been set.

Very slowly and with downhung head he walked across and pocketed the coin; then he retrieved his knife and sheathed it with a queer strangled sob; finally, picking up his gaudy headkerchief, he dusted it against his knee and stuck it on his head.

He would have gone then, but the Dutchman wanted no sleepless nights or days haunted by the fear of Kasmi's knife. So he took Kasmi roughly by the shoulders and asked him, in a voice rather too high and quavery for complete dignity:

"*Zeg!* Before you go; did I strike you justly?"

And Kasmi looked him fairly and squarely in the eyes and answered "Justly," so the Dutchman knew he was safe.

. . . . . .

For four days after these happenings there is no record from any who set eyes on Kasmi, so it cannot be said with certainty that he was here or did that. He may have been drinking himself blind with *arak*, as his appearance suggested when at last he showed up again at his work, but his companions took it very simply to mean that he had wrestled with devils for a space, and perhaps they were right. He went about his work listlessly, and was more surly than ever, so nobody questioned him. Nobody, that is, but Wangsa his friend; and that was not till five days more had passed and he could no longer keep silence.

He sought him out on the fifth day as he sat apart, eating his noon rice like a man in a trance, and squatted down detachedly at his side.

"See, Kasmi," he began; "those who work must sleep. And there is one of my acquaintance whose eyes tell me he sleeps but little these days."

Kasmi turned full round and glowered at his friend with hollow, bitter eyes.

"Sleep? Sleep? What *is* sleep?" he questioned.

"Sleep is the medicine that best nerves a man to fight—even with devils."

A savage spasm contorted the other's ape-like features; roughly he shook Wangsa by the shoulder.

"What do such as you know of devils?" he demanded, shivering all over.

Wangsa took a straw cigarette and held out his hand for Kasmi's burning one to light it. After a puff or two he continued, placidly and unemotionally:

"I have known many, for I am an oldish man and there be devils in plenty. . . . But even as there are

devils, so there are also *dukuns* to master them. Such a Wise One well rewarded in advance may do much for one troubled of devils."

"*Dukuns!* *Dukuns!* And if the dukun be himself mastered, and become no more than a mouth for the devils. . . . Listen, thou!" His harsh voice sank to an agonized whisper, and he trembled with long shudders that rippled over him from head to foot like waves. "On the third night after I had struck at you without reason, a devil having made me mad, and when sleep had withheld till madness was near on me again, I sought out the *dukun* Si-Sastra, and, having paid him, bade him give me sleep. And he, first bidding me gaze without ceasing upon a mark that he wrote high up on the wall, gave me a draught to drink and laid his hand upon my hand. And I no longer felt the ground under my feet, but the room was filled with a great cloud of rushing shapes, and my knife sprang from its sheath and hung before my eyes in the air and cried out sharply like a woman hurt; and—and—aaaah! *Adu!*"

Kasmi covered his ears with his hands, as though that dreadful voice of agony still rang there, and rocked himself backwards and forwards.

"And then?" prompted Wangsa, his hand behind Kasmi's elbow.

"And . . . then . . the voice was like a low moaning . . . a wounded monkey . . . and it spoke and said: 'Bid no sleep visit him who put the deathless shame upon me, who ever served him so well. Let him expect no mercy on the weakling plea that his was the fault, who thought his friend a thief without true cause. Let him not seek to still me with another's blood, for 'twas to drink no other's blood he bared me.'"

The low, horrified voice died down; the overwrought man almost collapsed into Wangsa's arms. But his friend put him roughly aside and sprang to his feet.

"Strike, then!" he cried, his hand already upon his own knife-haft.

Kasmi gazed dazedly upon him from beneath the shaggy cascade of hair. But he never moved.

"Strike, cowardly dog!" said Wangsa, in a yet louder voice. "Are you afraid that I will not strike back?"

"Wangsa! Wangsa!" gasped Kasmi, still not moving, yet with a note of yearning in his voice. "Would you do so much for a friend?"

"Aye, and more yet, where the *adat* (force of custom) demands it, just as you would for me. Otherwise friendship were nought."

"You are indeed a man," said Kasmi simply, "but I cannot strike you, who are my friend and have given no offence."

"Then must I force you," cried Wangsa, a tattered, heroic figure standing there among the tumbled merchandise. "Listen now; your mother"——and he very deliberately said the unforgivable thing of Kasmi's mother, who was also his own mother's sister.

For one breathless moment Kasmi stared in blank, numb amazement at his friend; then, with a grating, throaty beast-noise he flew at him, snatching the knife from his waist.

"Stop!" cried Wangsa in the same instant, and Kasmi came to a sudden standstill with heaving breast and glaring eyes before his friend-enemy.

"We will do what must be done beknown only to ourselves, sooner than furnish a free *bangsawan* (comic opera) for these dirty *kampong*-dogs here"; and he waved his hand contemptuously to indicate the crowds of Javanese who were streaming to the spot at the prospect of a bloody spectacle without risk to themselves.

"Now then! What's going on here?" came in sharp, authoritative tones as a white police-*commissaris* elbowed his way through the breathless ring.

"We were but dancing," said Wangsa, lighting a cigarette and handing one to Kasmi, who took it mechanically with the air of a somnambulist.

Everybody laughed, including the policeman, who ought to have known better; the crowd began to break up, amid much chattering and obscene chaff.

But that night the two friends pulled out of the river-mouth and past the dark, silent hulks in a stolen sampan. And when they had passed the Ujong light and struck the fair breeze outside, they hoisted their sail and skimmed over the oily swell with their curtsying prow pointing for the tiny pin-point lights of Kamal, across the Madura

Straits. And they beguiled the way with talk of money and of women, and of the prospects for the coming bullock-races.

And at last they beached their craft in a lonely spot a mile or so along the coast from Kamal, and sat down upon the scrubby beach to share the last of their food and tobacco together, while the moon rode high over the heads of the black palm-tufts like a huge silver shield.

And when the breeze veered and took on the chill that heralds dawn, and the first faint effulgence in the east was throwing the cloud-ramparts into leaden silhouette across the grey waters, these two strange friends bade farewell to each other at great length. And then Kasmi knelt down and kissed the hand of Wangsa and thanked him, as well as his primitive soul would allow, for the saving of him. And Wangsa, after a moment's hesitation, said to Kasmi:

"Since we go together, I will tell you now that what you said in jest of me some days since—that my wife desired a better man—was truer than you thought. So come, let us be going."

And then they tied themselves together at the waist with a cord, lest the nerve of either play him false, and fought for salvation with their knives at the tide's edge...

The newspapers said afterwards that the motive had evidently been jealousy, and that an enmity of more than usual intensity must have arisen between the two.

But the old fisherman who found the bodies lying across each other, with the shallow, encrimsoned water lapping around them, noted the cord about their waists and very wisely said: "These two must have loved each other very completely."

Then he went on fishing, with a smile on his face.

Householders

By Muriel Kent

At 13 (now 16) Young Street, Kensington, Thackeray made a home for his children, 1846–54. He wrote "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," etc., in this house.

EIGHTY years ago it stood
In a quiet neighbourhood:
Marked already with the grace
Time can give a dwelling-place—
Waiting with a friendly air
To receive a childish pair.
All its treasures, new and old,
Should be theirs to have and hold:
Sunny rooms and windows wide,
And the vine that grew outside;
Cushioned seats for reading-nooks,
Punch and "Boz" and *Christmas Books*,
Love and laughter, work and ease,
Blossom on the orchard trees . . .
From the first the children's part
Was to fill their father's heart
(Those who called him "cynic" then
Were not skilled in reading men).
Anne remembered all her days
Tender counsel, mirthful ways;
Charity and Humour shown
In his life—and made her own.

* * * * *

Crowded, too, the house must be
With immortal company.
"Jeames" himself is at the door,
And about the polished floor
Move the dancers, great and small,
Guests at Mrs. Perkins' Ball;
Portly Jos, and worldly-wise
Becky with the downcast eyes;
Faithful Dobbin who could wait
Eighteen years to win his mate—
Gentle souls who had no share
In the traffick of the Fair . . .

There are Steele and Addison
From an older Kensington;
Esmond, grave and dignified,
Beatrix in her youthful pride;
Men of honour, princely rake,
Those who give and those who take.
Wits and poets meet us here;
Passion, pity, courage, fear—
Only shades, but keeping still
Vital forms of thought and will:
Creatures of a writer's mind
Hold the house he left behind.

Old People

By Ethel Mannin

THIS is the age of youth, they say;
So be it then; I still will love
The weary, resting hands old people fold
Upon their quiet knees;
And I will leave to youth
Its fevered clutching at the shadowed dream,
Its wide ambitions and deep ecstasies;
Its restless clamour for the things that seem,
And swift impatience of the larger truth.

Aye, I will leave to youth
Its burnished virgin gold,
Its mighty hungers, and profound despairs,
Its glowing vision and its boundless faith;
E'en though it breathe with gods
The rare Olympian airs;
Yea, I will seek for truth
By that strong steadfast flame
The inward-turned lamp
That casts a benediction still
Upon old people's souls.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Mellon Letter

"This chap Mellon," began Heddle.

"Secretary of the Threasury Mellon to you, Heddle," interrupted Sergeant Murphy. "Annyhow, what do you know about him?"

"I don't know much, but I think it a bit steep—saying what he did about us making a profit on the war debts," was the reply.

"What's the good of rakin' up a business that's past and done with?" said the Sergeant. "Besides, it's an undherstood thing between us and the Americans. We agree to take no notice of anny insults they fling at us in their free, breezy way on condition, mind you, that we say nothin' that might hurt their feelin's. It's the rule of the game and we must abide by it.

"You see, Heddle, this Misther Mellon is probably as decent a man as ever stepped and a good frind to this counthry. Whinever he pays a visit to London, I haven't a doubt but that he says a few well-chosen words about the English-speakin' races, the joint inheritors of the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and the gifted author of 'Gintlemin Prefer Blondes.' I'm not sure but that whin the port is passed round he doesn't throt out the old Nordic theery and prove be the shape of the skull that Providence designed us to conthrol rubber, tea, and the like, and his lot to hold the same responsibility in regard to copper, cotton, and the fillums.

"But remimber he's a politician, and an American politician has to be wan hundherd per cint. American, meanin' that he knows who his grandfather was on both sides, and wan hundherd per cint. American means wan hundherd per cint. anti-British. So to keep his end up with the pathriotic voter he has, at measured inthervals, to put John Bull in his place be a speech or a letther. He means no harm be it. He's just fulfillin' an unpleasant duty accordin' to the faculties God has given him.

"It's the same with that fellah—Thompson, I think they call him—who's been elected Mayor of Chicago.

I'm sure in me own mind that if he had his way he'd rather devote his rare gifts to the gunman business—on wan side or the other—for which his city has won such renown among civilized communities. Instead of that, he has to start a crusade for the proper teachin' of histhory to the little Chicagoans so that they'll know that it was George the Third that caused the San Francisco earthquake and be sinisther means inthroduced the boll weevil into the smilin' cotton fields of Dixie.

"A paper was sint to me, Heddle, from some town in Ohio, U.S.A., a year or so ago. It had a passage in it undherlined with red ink. It read: 'The Great War that was fought to add to the millions that King George has stored up in Buckingham Palace.' That showed me the politicians' road to the great heart of America.

"So every now and thin each American politician, in ordher to assure his constituints that he's still on the job, stands forth and warns his fellah-counthrymin of the dangers of British Imperialism. The Governmint and the Opposition take it in turn. Sure there's a reglar rosther of speakers on the subject.

"That's why Misther Mellon felt so hurt at the owdacity of Misther Churchill intherferin' in a purely domestic matter.

"'Be Heavens!' he says, 'if this fellah's goin' to be fussy over a harmless statemint about European debts, life won't be worth livin'. We'll be havin' him shortly askin' us how we wangled the concession for the Panama Canal, what we're doin' in Haiti and Nicaragua, and other personal questions. It's for us to make insinuations and suggest imperialism and land-grabbin'—not for thim. All we claim is the right to atthribute the worst motives to Great Britain on all occasions—and no answerin' back.'

"You must remimber, too, Heddle, that it was easy for a busy man like Misther Mellon in a slapdash momint to leave out the most important point in his letter, and thereby make this counthry appear the villain of the piece in regard to the war debts."

"That's all very fine," replied Heddle, "but as soon as the letter appeared in print, Mister Mellon must have noticed the mistake. Why didn't he correct it then?"

"He daredn't," replied Sergeant Murphy.

Upon Being Entertained

By Horace Shipp

Royal Opera Season. (Covent Garden.)
Chauve Souris. (Vaudeville Theatre.)
Marigold. (Kingsway Theatre.)
The Fanatics. (Queen's Theatre.)

I BELIEVE I have before referred in these columns to my friend's definition of a particularly harrowing performance of *Medea* as a "pleasant enough entertainment," and the mixed bag of plays which stand at the head of this article causes me to reflect upon the diversity of means whereby our minds are held pleasurably in the theatre. Each of these is, in its way, excellent. Nevertheless, it becomes almost impossible to find any æsthetic which can possibly govern them all, and difficult to find one which will even cover two of them.

The paradox of the opera is beyond all human solution, and on the opening night of the Ring Cycle I found myself contemplating its strange illogic almost as much as *Das Rheingold* itself. Certainly the social brilliance of the occasion in itself gives pleasure. Certainly again if one can accustom one's mind to the incongruities of opera as form, it provides good measure well pressed down of entertainment—first-rate singers, a magnificent orchestra, and, in these days, something pretty good in dramatic production. This being so, and its supporters being prepared to pay fabulous sums or endure untold discomforts to obtain it, a logically minded person like myself is puzzled by the fact that only for two months in the year in London are they gratified. The law of supply and demand stands on its head and waves its legs waggishly.

If the economics and what one might call the patriotics of the situation are confounded by the spectacle of this hectic support of the brief season whilst regular and native opera dwindles for lack of either support or

endowment, the æsthetics are equally confused. *Rheingold*, despite lovely passages, seems to me to fall short of perfection. Granted, it should not be considered alone, but in its place as the opening of the Ring Cycle, yet it feels to build itself too slowly to give real dramatic thrill. Laying no claim to a musical mind, I hesitatingly put forward this "know-what-I-like" viewpoint to various Wagner enthusiasts only to find that they agreed. And the story, unless one is overlading it with Shaw's Perfect Wagnerism, or Herr Steiner's esoteric philosophy, is certainly not dramatic enough to save the situation.

Truth to tell, I suspect that opera, even Wagnerian opera, doesn't bear thinking about. Establish it as an institution, make its production a social and artistic "occasion," keep it rare and precious, and leave the rest to auto-suggestion. The one factor which must have due attention æsthetically is the virtuosity of the interpretation, for however muddle-minded your opera enthusiast may be as to why or how he is enjoying himself, his love of music is the most serious element in the whole of our theatre-going and his comparisons will be odious indeed when it falls short. The present season leaves scarcely anything to be desired in this respect, and the Opera Syndicate deserves the thanks of music lovers for delivering our Royal Opera House for a few weeks each year from the all-conquering Charleston and its fellows.

The success of the other entertainments is not difficult to understand. The visits of Balieff with his *Chauve Souris* are now almost as much an institution as the opera itself, with a regular following demanding the old favourites and living on a legend. It has all the old delight, the old tricks, the old methods, in a programme almost entirely new. Frankly I think it could escape its "Do-it-again-Daddyism" with advantage. Balieff's bad English has ceased to be a good joke, and his actual jokes have almost ceased to be entirely. Some of the singing, particularly by the women, is incredibly bad, and some of the sentimental sketches are pure saccharine. But as at most variety entertainments one goes for certain turns, and whether in the play spirit or in the folk spirit the items of this programme which take us to the Russian source of the production are invariably the best. Here

are lovely and memorable things, and never anywhere in the show does the excellent production falter.

Marigold could hardly fail as entertainment. It is perfectly charming, sentimental, decorative, exquisitely produced and acted, and completely uncerebral. It is not the type of play which needs to be discussed. Of the genre of *The Little Minister*, of *Quality Street*, or of *Bunty*, it is for the heart not the head, although the soundness of its actual production, the unforced neatness of some of the writing and the acting, particularly of Jean Cadell and of Angela Baddeley, will give the most exalted of highbrows their excuse for enjoying the evening.

Mr. Malleson's play is a piece for adult minds. Its outspokenness comes near to making it a *succès de scandale;* its sincerity and capable craftsmanship make it a great play. We may violently disagree with the author in his conclusions, we may even argue his right to put such a theme and such characters on the stage, but as we listen to this play we realize that here is a mind at work, questioning, challenging, and revaluing our values. The great forward drama has always done this, and *The Fanatics* is in this tradition. After the manner of the post-war intellectual drama it challenges institutions, and resolves itself into a drama of doubt and discussion. Its conflict is of ideas, yet there is no lack of action and of good stage situation. It is as serious a play as we have had for years on the stage; yet it bubbles with humour, and the audience is kept laughing. It is a play of sex, but of sex as a great human element ill-fitting the institution of marriage which we have made to hold it. Most of all, *The Fanatics* gives us the impression of its author's own seriousness of purpose and courageous conviction, and it is probably this shining faith in the worth of discussion which raises this discussion drama to its height. The production and the acting are as good as the play, and *The Fanatics* is not to be missed.

Here, then, is yet another phase of the theatre and its entertainment; it is no way for the unintelligent nor for the lazy of mind. But since Euripides challenged the long-worshipped gods in Greece it has been one way in the theatre.

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIR

OSCAR BROWNING. By H. E. WORTHAM. With illustrations. Constable. 16s.

OSCAR BROWNING, generally known as O.B., lived long, exposing to the world a vivid personality rich in paradox and contradiction. He needed a discerning biographer, and Mr. Wortham has risen to the occasion in this very interesting book. While he is witty and ironical, he observingly distils the good out of the complex character.

Few people, even a generation ago, realized that O.B., the King's don, had been turned out of an Eton mastership, and that the affair had wide reverberations in the Press of the day. Mr. Wortham was quite justified in treating the episode in detail. O.B. was right in the main and injudicious, as always; Hornby was illogical and unfair in his hopelessly conservative way; and the greatness of Eton was shown by the fact that it did not suffer permanently from his headship. After his return to Cambridge, O.B., profuse in hospitality, was never even moderately well off, and never managed to become a Professor of History there or elsewhere. His views were ill-assorted; his faults were all on the surface; but, if he was ridiculous in several ways, he was a most generous and warm-hearted man. Lacking in academic reserve, he was an easy prey for more careful minds. A loose and vigorous speech of his comes to mind in which his use of the word "cultured" was changed by the next speaker to "manured." The reply was effective in style, but O.B. was after all more constructive than his commentator. Perhaps, in spite of his many disappointments, he did not fail, as he thought, in life, for he did much for Cambridge as well as King's, bringing it into touch with an outside world which for the mutual advantage of both it was desirable to cultivate. Cambridge had no Jowett with worldly wisdom and London connections, and suffered by its isolation.

O.B.'s favourite subject of Political Science was vague and regarded in my day by examinees as a chance to earn 100 marks by sheer rhetoric; his attempts at Parliament produced little but derision; but his Political Society gathered a large stock of young and real ability. The letter to his mother printed in facsimile shows that he could think well and finely on the greatest of subjects, but his history was hardly scientific. Unfortunately, he was too convinced of his own merits to see the world steadily. He would, I think, have regarded a film of himself in Socratic communion with youth as a happy commemoration. His old age in Rome as one of the last of the Victorians was so vigorous that he proposed to compass a hundred years. He did not do

that, but he got immense pleasure out of the O.B.E., a mention among the Prominent People in "Pears' Encyclopædia," and a place in the Poets' Corner of the *Daily Mirror*. These excitements may seem strange, but they were part of the boundless enthusiasm which made him so inspiring a teacher. Justice has now been done to him, and the O.B. legend, on which he smiled with some complacency, need no longer distort his peculiarities at the expense of his achievement. It was unusual, but none the less genuine. V. R.

REVOLT IN THE DESERT. By "T. E. LAWRENCE." Cape, 30s.

A SERIOUS review of this book could only be done by the author himself, or, possibly, by one of those inarticulate Arabs who, while remarkable as brigands, have little taste for deskwork and the pleasures of picking their betters to pieces.

We of Allenby's army were always curious about Lawrence, and in this abridged and "popular" edition he has satisfied some of our curiosity. It is but a third of the full book and, personally, I would rather have had the full book, even though it is no reading for civilians and such as are unaware of the peculiar demands of desert civilization. Arabia is wildly different from Kensington, in which one can hardly conceive an epic or anything of Homeric quality. However, let us be content with what we have.

The late Edmund Candler, himself an almost legendary hero, as those who have read his "unconventional autobiography," "Youth and the East," have been slow to perceive, writing of Lawrence, describes him as "a quietist, a visionary, a scholar with a passion for the classics, a poet himself in his own medium, but ridden by a demon of self-criticism and self-distrust. He hates noise and does not care a rush what people say or think of him so long as they leave him alone. . . . In appearance he is academic and aloof, not a comfortable or clubbable person. I confess to certain misgivings on my own part when I first saw him among soldiers in his stainless khaki staff uniform. This was before his Hejaz campaign, and it never occurred to me that he could fight. And I doubt if it had occurred to him. He was not born a man of action, but had to cast himself in this clay. Physically he had been condemned as unfit for active service, but his body was driven by his spirit and he became as efficient and enduring in the desert as his Bedouin companions."

The whole of the paper wherein Candler discusses his fellow paladin is worth retrieving. So far as I know, it is only to be found in *The Atlantic Monthly* of March, 1926, and it is incomparably the best account which has been given of Lawrence and his book.

My own brief impression of the man is confined to a moment when I stood chatting with a certain staff officer outside G.H.Q., Cairo, in the spring of 1918. A magnificently caparisoned Bedouin came marching up the street, all fluttering silk of purest white, relieved with gold. "My hat, what a swell!" said I. The staff officer snorted. "It's that ass, Lawrence," he said with infinite disdain, and then added, rather triumphantly: "The police reported a fair-haired, blue-eyed spy in the town disguised as a Bedouin five hours ago."

Such was my first and last glimpse of the most romantic figure thrown up by the war, though he himself might award the palm to Lord Allenby, who trusted him, or to Feisal, the mystic rallying-point of this revolt, or even to an isolated group of Germans, cut off from the main body, whose iron discipline held fast while their Turkish allies crumbled. A. K.

LISTER AS I KNEW HIM. By JOHN RUDD LEESON. Baillière, Tindall, and Cox. 8s. 6d.

DR. LEESON pays in this book an effective tribute to the great healer under whom he worked, and illustrates once more the slow acceptance of novel theories in this country. When he first went to Lister at Edinburgh, he had spent two and a-half years at one of London's largest and most up-to-date hospitals, and had never heard anything about microbes. When Lister left his successful work in Scotland and went to London, his methods were received with contempt and derision, and it was their advocacy outside this country that won the battle against sepsis. The terrible mortality in operations now regarded as commonplace makes us wonder today. Dr. Leeson reminds us that Henley as a patient paid tribute in his hospital poems to Lister, a genius with some of the reserve of the Quaker and all the patient and forgiving spirit. He learnt most from the famous Syme, but he had had several set-backs before in 1869 he was appointed by the Crown to the chair in Edinburgh Syme had resigned. Here his class was "the largest in the kingdom, probably in the world," and the

face at once benign and proud and shy

smiled on many a patient saved from the familiar diagnosis of putrefaction and death.

YOU CAN'T WIN. By JACK BLACK. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THIS book is one of the vivid and instructive records of life that come from America, the autobiography of a burglar who finally saw that his game did not pay. Jack Black is now, after

twenty-five years of crime, librarian to a newspaper. His conclusion is that, "if the burglar gets what he is after one time in five he is lucky." Incidentally, he is pretty sure to get an exuberant thirst, and long hours of waiting at night in the damp may lead to "T.B.," which we take to be tuberculosis. Black was, we gather, unusually free from sexual entanglements, yet betrayed by a woman he had helped. One of his greatest feats was "cutting out the hop," a ten-year-old opium habit, and he also resisted every attempt to make him speak by the cruel application of the strait-jacket. Much of the hideous bullying of prison life in the United States is now, we hope, modified. Lashes laid on in Canada only hardened the victim to further evil courses. He was won over to an honest life by unexpected leniency and kindness. He always had character, a big streak of honesty, and strange resolution. Twice his companion in burglary was shot dead, and he escaped with difficulty; yet he went on with his hunted life. That meant giving 50 or 75 per cent. of his gains to the "fence," and realizing painfully the maxim of an old hand about "suckers" (greenhorns) and stealers:

> There's one born every minute, all right, but there's two wise guys going to jail every minute, an beggin' matches.

FICTION

MR FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. Chatto and Windus. 7s.

MR. FORTUNE, once a bank clerk, turned Protestant missionary and went to the South Seas to toil in a settlement under the thumb of an archdeacon. When his hair was grey, he suddenly discovered a call to an island where work was needless, full of agreeable, laughter-loving natives. Thither he went to a lonely ministry and during his three years' residence secured but one doubtful convert. What actually happened we may leave to the reader, who cannot fail to be delighted with the author's beautiful prose. It is the best writing that we have seen for many a day, full of humorous touches, but never fatiguingly brilliant. It is rich in appreciation, both of natural beauty and those inhibitions and impulses deep down in human character which make life such a dubious and difficult game.

The author is content to develop two characters, the missionary and his convert, and deals only with the episode of the island, leaving Mr. Fortune's future uncertain. The book is a little shorter than the average novel, but worth a dozen blatant "best-sellers." Every word tells, and the lotus-eating charm of the island, broken with dramatic suddenness, is perfectly suggested.

THE JURY. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THIS is an effective but rather unusual book. It opens with a wife on trial for murdering her husband, but reveals none of the ingenious intricacies of detective fiction, and the secret of the murder, when it comes out, is hardly a surprise. The interest is psychological rather than sensational, and depends on the reactions of the jury among themselves. Hour after hour, cooped in a narrow room and an unwholesome atmosphere with no chance of refreshment, they discuss the crime with divagations to their own personal affairs and small talk to relieve the tedium of waiting for a unanimous verdict. They get on each other's nerves, and reveal their idiosyncrasies in character and training. All this is worked out with a keen eye on human nature, and the reader, when he has once realized that the details of the murder are not the point of the story, can enjoy a study of character. But he must have patience, for the jury's deliberations are very long.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN. By MARY CROSBIE. Philip Allan. 7s. 6d. net.

MISS CROSBIE'S title relates to the spiritual revolt of a winged mother and daughter from the dullness of the insistent hearthstone. The maternal flight is to an intellectual circle in a French château, not so daring as that of the daughter, who experiments with lovers. A Yorkshire manor is the scene of their gradual reconciliation to the enduring things of life, but their dash of Irish blood makes their quick, wavering stresses fascinating to follow in Miss Crosbie's close-packed record.

A circle of well-drawn characters forms the background to the delicately balanced, swift intelligences of this semi-detached mother and audacious, blinded daughter, but they, and their reactions to events, are the focus-points of a subtle story.

THE KING'S ENEMIES. By REGINALD CAMPBELL. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

THIS is yet another of the new crop of novels concerning the war. About a third of it is filled with a naval officer's experiences afloat in an old battleship in the open Mediterranean, and in the attempt to cover the landing of British troops at Gallipoli; or ashore at Malta with the girl he adores and another girl whom he pities; or at Salonika with a third girl who serves as a goddess of reason in straightening out the tangles of his love. The mesh of Ronald's relations with Sheila results from his mental agony under shell-fire. This particular example of the effect of the horrors of battle on a brave man in love provides the most original quality of the book, although the most successful chapters describe the nerve-shattering experience of the hero and heroine among Maltese rocks and in a country cottage long afterwards. There is, indeed, a lapse of years in the middle of

the story. The later pages contain much forcible conversation concerning the "Red Menace," and a vivid account of the experiences of Ronald as a special constable in a "Tough Brigade" during the general strike.

It is probable that most readers, of whatever sex, will prefer the heroine to the hero in this generally well-written tale of terribly-harried affections and of vital conflicts, moral and physical, abroad and at home.

JEW SÜSS. By LEON FEUCHTWANGEL. Martin Secker. 10s. 6d.

EPIC in conception and achievement, "Jew Süss" is already acclaimed as a classic. Curiously its value depends upon qualities so varied as to be almost contradictory. On the one hand, realism wherein the life of the eighteenth century in Western Germany glows vivid and many-coloured, sordid and terrible; on the other, romance, with giant and pigmy figures pulled hither and thither in a dance of ambition and death. Contradictory, again, is the Jewish element: the drama of race, the cabalistic mysticism, being nullified by the paradox of the birth of Süss. If we read it as a pilgrimage of the soul, we find the protagonist at first too near the monster and at last too poor a figure to command our sympathy. A volume of cancelled motives, it is, nevertheless, a great book.

It is art rather than life. Its details may be real, but its characters are puppets paying predestined rôles and having no internal development. The author has even invented a curious leitmotiv method of character description which confesses this artificiality. But the story tells how Jew Süss Oppenheimer gained the whole world and threw it away to find again his soul, and because in the telling we have life in epitome, the book deserves its reputation. A word of appreciation must be added to Edwin and Willa Muir for the beauty of style they have brought over in their excellent translation.

RUSSIA OLD AND NEW

THE ENCHANTED WANDERER. By NICOLAI LYESKOV. Translated by A. G. PASCHKOFF. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

ONCE I HAD A HOME. By NADEJDA. Duckworth. 16s. net.

THE STORY OF A NOVEL, AND OTHER STORIES. By MAXIM GORKY. Translated by MARIE ZAKREVSKY. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

THESE three books show us the old, the changing, and presumably the new Russia. In "The Enchanted Wanderer" Ivan Severyanich joins a party of travellers on a steamboat at a port on Lake Ladoga, who encourage the newcomer—a lay-brother—to tell the story of his life. He opens with a description of a serf's existence on a large estate, and the accidental killing of an

old monk with a driving-whip. Immediately after his sudden death the monk appears to the boy and protests against having had no time to confess his sins before being hurled out of this life; he reminds Ivan that, on her deathbed, his mother had "promised him to God," and that eventually he must become a monk. He foretells much suffering and many curious adventures before the promise is fulfilled, and ends this strange interview by announcing that at critical moments he will reappear to the boy and repeat his warnings. Through all his future wanderings as soldier, horse-breeder, or estate agent, whether he is committing murder in order that the victim may escape the punishment of the suicide, helping the poor, or dealing sternly with the powerful who abuse their power, the dead monk appears and reappears to the enchanted wanderer to tell him that the time has not yet come for the fulfilment of his mother's promise.

Lyeskov's recollections of his early wanderings through the country from monastery to monastery with his maternal grandmother, and his journeyings to various estates on business connected with agriculture for his uncle, who was of English Quaker origin, provided much of the material for this book, which contains vivid descriptions of the life of the peasant without a passport. It is not a novel, nor is it a tale; it is a series of adventures bordering on the extravagant, and may be compared in many respects to the author's "Sealed Angel" (a story of the Old Believers), which was beautifully translated by Mrs. Beatrix Tollemache in 1913—the first of Lyeskov's works to appear in English. The present translation is poor and conveys no hint of the beauty of Lyeskov's style, though the exciting narrative will carry the reader over the rough and, at times, slightly incomprehensible, passages.

"Once I Had a Home" is an account of a Russian aristocrat's experiences in Petrograd and the Crimea during the war and the revolution. The beginning with its tedious description of receptions and balls is very ordinary, but the tale of the flight for safety, when civil war broke out and families were driven from house to house and from village to village, is told with a simplicity that accentuates the horror of the situation. An ailing mother, a reckless father, and a fiancé in the White Army combined to make Nadejda's life a nightmare until they (without the fiancé) managed to escape on an English boat. The author pays a pleasing tribute to the officers and men of the British Navy for the very efficient and courteous way they dealt with the crowds of refugees flying from their own country.

In "The Story of a Novel" Maxim Gorky breaks new ground without great success. Life is queer, very queer, as seen in the five tales of this volume.

POETRY

REQUIEM. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Ernest Benn. 6s.
POEMS. By ELIZABETH BIBESCO. Ernest Benn. 6s.
CANTABILE. By JOHN CALDWELL-JOHNSTON. East and West. 5s.
POEMS OF WILLIAM CANTON. Harrap. 5s.

MESSRS. BENN, having pursued their triumphant way across the publishing fields of art and drama, are now to be reckoned with in poetry. They have in the van of this advance the shining chariot of Mr. Humbert Wolfe. His "News of the Devil" immediately took its place as a foremost piece of poetic work; his new volume, "Requiem," will certainly not fall back from that position. Mr. Wolfe is one of the few contemporary poets who can sustain a big theme without sacrificing form; and his method of doing it in this book is that adopted by him in the earlier "Humoresque": a lyric series of monologues by the persons of his creation. In this volume they are what Browning has called the "Failers and Succeeders," and through their review of life as it has come to them all mankind's endeavour is reviewed and valued. This is a big theme, and if Mr. Wolfe is still a little incoherent in expressing it, he has, nevertheless, splendidly essayed the task. As he himself exquisitely says in the Dedication:

> It was not mine to make, but as the pool
> they called Bethesda, when the angel stirred it,
> Was with some alien virtue wonderful,
> so this was written, as though I overheard it.

The subtlety and beauty of his writing are better expressed by that quotation than by any possible critical analysis.

Princess Bibesco's poetry is a cultured, personal expression of moods and passions rather "icily regular, splendidly null" than thrilling or original. They never err either in taste or technique, but they evoke no feeling of inevitability, in spite of their charm and sincerity.

"Cantabile" is a volume of Nature poems, with the curious unforced charm of bird-song, and the feeling of immediate reaction to sights and sounds which is a distinctive note in Nature lyrism. Mr. Caldwell-Johnston has been commented upon as using words as the musician uses his phrases; but there is to my mind much more the feeling here of bird music and the rapture of it. The faults of the method are inherent in it; but its spontaneity gives it power. Mr. Caldwell-Johnston must, however, watch his own tendency to what has been called "emotional slither," and the beauty he feels will be the better conveyed.

The last of these volumes will be welcomed by the many who love Canton of "The Invisible Playmate." His poems have long

demanded to be collected, and though they belong in thought and expression to the period of Tennyson rather than that of today, these clearly-told narratives and lovely lyrics must take their place in the tradition of our poetry. H. S.

BIRD LORE

How Birds Live. By E. M. Nicholson. Williams and Norgate. 3s. 6d.

It will be evident to the reader that Mr. Nicholson has devoted much time and patience to the study of such of our native birds as have come under his direct observation. Whilst he puts before us much that is interesting and instructive, we cannot but feel that a more extended and varied observation will tend to modify some of his deductions and bring his views more into conformity with those of older naturalists who have a lifetime of observation behind them. In his statement on the ecology of the subject, he does not lay sufficient stress on the fact that the alterations in our countryside due to the requirements of man, have revealed the power of Nature to adapt herself to new conditions and surroundings. His most interesting chapter develops the theory of a bird's cry as an assertion of territorial rights. On migration he is somewhat dogmatic, and adds little to the solution of this strange habit. References to the regular and periodical movements of birds for purposes of reproduction, or to secure food, are not particularly helpful.

On the whole, Mr. Nicholson is to be congratulated on a book which, though containing much that is controversial, reveals a keen interest and the zeal of the observer.

Jungle Pheasants. By William Beebe. Putnam. 15s.

Here is another of the author's delightful and valuable studies in natural science. " Jungle Pheasants " is a record of adventure in pursuit of certain of the rarer *Phasianidæ*, as Mr. Beebe was gathering material for a monograph on the whole group.

This quest, a short preface informs us, was his first important undertaking as Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society. It entailed long and arduous journeys through Ceylon, Burma, the Himalayas, the Malay Peninsula and Borneo, and extended over some seventeen months.

Mr. Beebe has a fascinating style, using a wealth of description which carries the reader with him. He is equally good at recounting dangers and difficulties, and noting the doings and characters of his companions, or the habits and customs of the various tribes

among which he roamed. Moreover, he writes with a modesty which is in itself a commendation.

In a book so teeming with interest it would be invidious to select any passage for special mention, but we must note the excellence of the 60 photographic illustrations.

GENERAL

GOOD HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By J. ELLIS BARKER. John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. BARKER'S substantial volume is neither a "health crank" book nor a technical work addressed to doctors alone, but a comprehensive review of ancient and modern methods of preserving and restoring health.

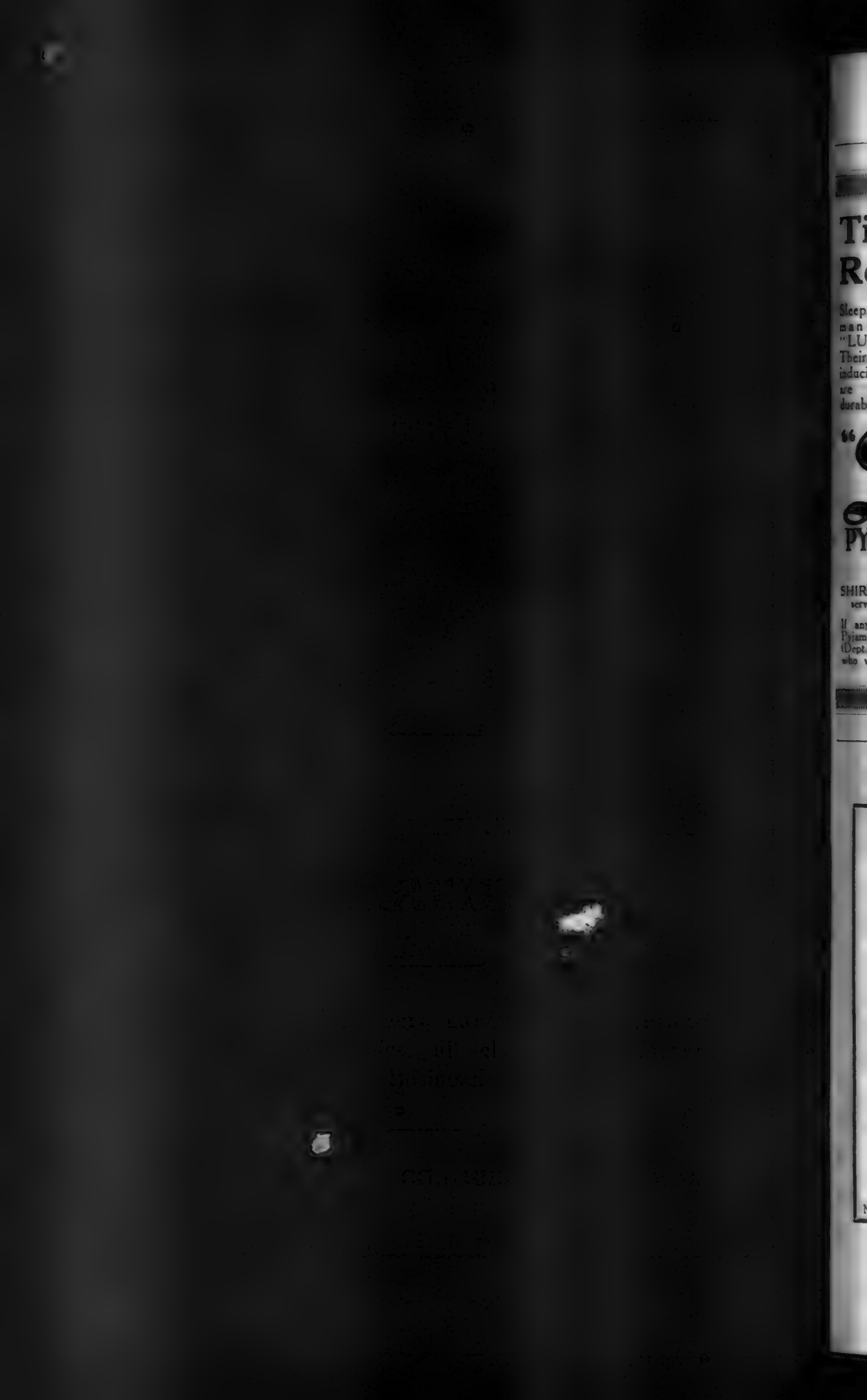
His main thesis is that health is natural and sickness unnatural, and his conclusion, that 90 per cent. of human ailments are due to the faulty living of civilization, and can be quickly cured or prevented by a more natural regimen.

His authorities, from Hippocrates to Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, go to prove that hygienic regimen is the most ancient as well as the most up-to-date weapon in the armoury of health, that the breast-fed and reasonably reared life is practically immune, that common ailments and serious disorders are self-induced—often by resorting to drugs—and that the growing percentage of low standard lives should awaken medical science to the obvious facts of sound living, frequently overlooked in the complex pursuit of the recondite.

The book is written to be comprehended by the lay mind, and has Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane's approval in a commendatory introduction, but it has not escaped criticism in detail.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. With introduction by JOHN MASEFIELD and illustrations by THOMAS DERRICK. Vols. I and II. The set, 8 vols., £3.

HERE is the first quarter of an attractive set of Hakluyt. The text is that of the larger edition published some twenty years since by Messrs. Maclehose which is now out of print. Mr. Masefield writes with the zeal of an old sailor on the arrangement of Elizabethan ships and the manners and customs of their crews, and Mr. Derrick satisfies both the artistic and the historical sense in his reproductions of contemporary pictures, prints and maps. The last volume is to have an index, but it might also contain a glossary of odd or obscure words. A few footnotes on such terms as "Infangthefe," or giving references, e.g. to the chapter of the "Annals" in which Tacitus mentions the busy commerce of London, would have added to the merits of the edition for the reading public.



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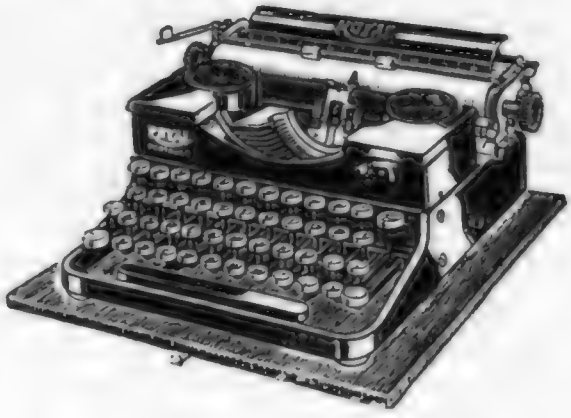

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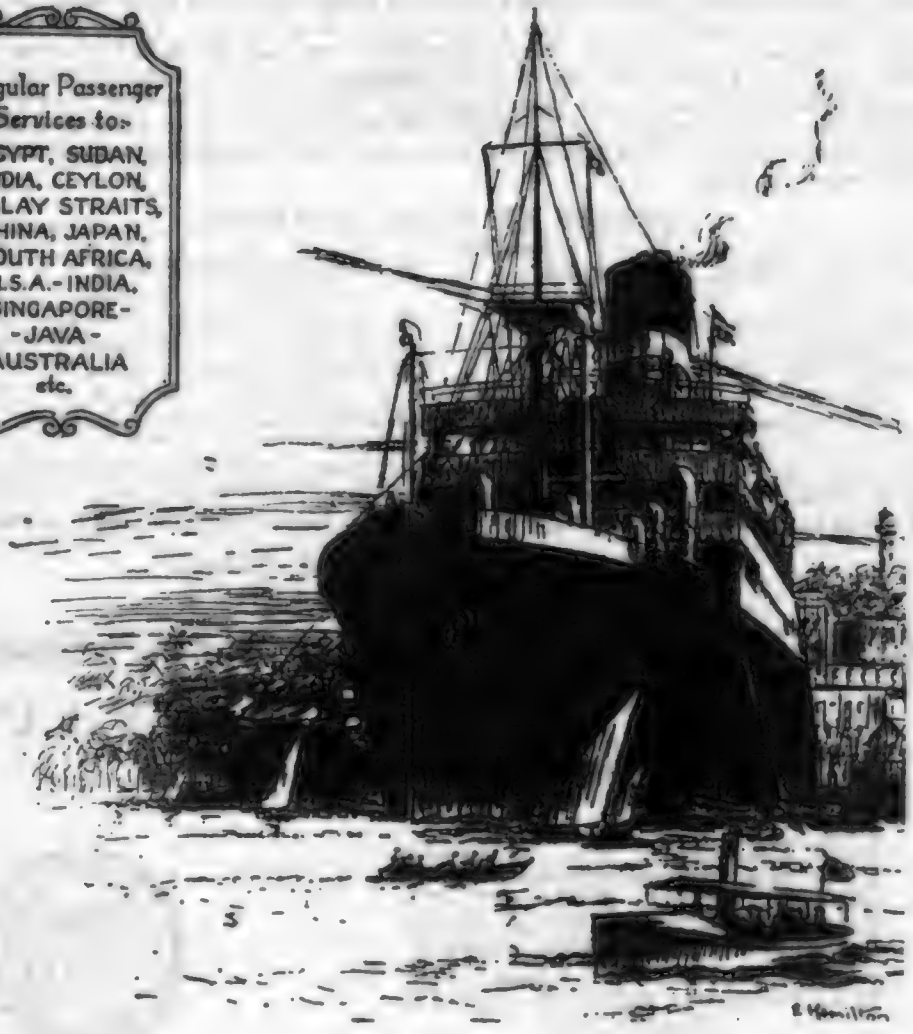

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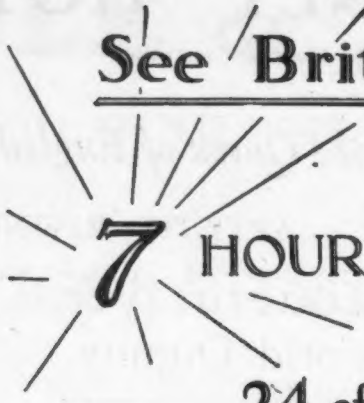

The official figures for 1926 show that at the towns given below the hours of sunshine for the months of May, June, July and August average 7 hours a day. As there is a Gordon Hotel at each you can be certain of 24 hours of comfort.

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